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NOVEMBER 8, 1954

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JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

Robert M. Hutchins,
former president of
the University of Chi-
cago, says that pro
football will eventually
kill the college game.
Do you agree?

ELIZABETH CRASTER, New York, N.Y.

Writer



"Yes. Many college games are boring. The pros play slick, fast football. When I was at the University of Pennsylvania, it seemed to me that the football stars were not there to study. I'm glad to see Penn de-emphasize. We belong in the Ivy League, not with the big teams out west."

PERRY SMITH, Leont Valley, N.Y.

President
Board of Education



"Yes. In the TV game of the week, the players play like pros. I'm sure they are pros. But they can't compete with the great teams in the professional league. College football can survive only if there is a sensible de-emphasis. The public will support the college game if it is an amateur sport."

ASA S. BUSHNELL, Princeton, N.J.

Commissioner
E.C.A.C.



"No. Pro football has gained full stature without lessening the popularity of the college game. Indeed, in this period, college football has enjoyed some of its most successful seasons. There are enthusiastic followings for both branches of the sport and they have remarkably little overlap."

ADMIRAL J. H. (GRAB) BROWN, USN, Ret.

President
Football Hall of Fame



"No. Football has too firm a hold on communities, colleges and alumni. The Army and Navy believe in football as a developer of men. The Football Hall of Fame is more than a building. We plan as its main function the strengthening and improvement of college football."

GEN. JOHN R. KILPATRICK, New York, N.Y.

President
Madison Square Garden



"Hutchins is wrong. Education must be all-round. Football teaches lessons a man will never get in the classroom. The game is a must for colleges. I love pro football. And I love the college game which I played at Yale. I'd never give up the college game for a pro contest."

JULIA CHERRY, New Orleans

Tulane University
Cheer leader



"No. People like college football because it is spirited and colorful. It's more than just a test of which set of boys is bigger and faster. A student or alumnus loves his team. He's a part of it. I've never heard of a pro team with that kind of appeal. I wonder if Dr. Hutchins could cheer at a rally."

JIM LEE HOWELL, Lonoke, Ark.

Coach
N.Y. Football Giants



"No. The pros play in 12 cities. And only on Sundays or Saturday nights. We do not compete with colleges for attendance. And we won't sign a player until his class has graduated. The pros must have college football as a source of material. It's like a vast farm system without the overhead."

GEORGE P. MARSHALL, Washington, D.C.

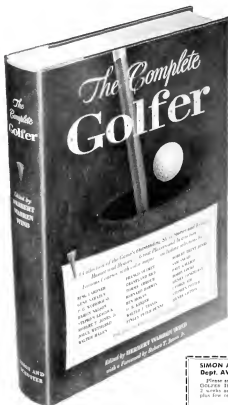
Owner
Washington Redskins



"No. That would be the end of all football. College football is an essential. It creates loyalties and good fellowship. It is responsible for the college rally. Boys don't rally behind a debating team. Anyone trying to destroy football helps to destroy the American way of life. That includes Hutchins."

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PAT ON THE BACK

Herewith a salute from the editors to men and women of all ages who have fairly earned the good opinion of the world of sport, regardless of whether they have yet earned its tallest headlines



A. DONALD BEVERIDGE, 40, president of Detroit's Commercial Contracting Corp., found enough leisure time this year to lead his Triple C polo team to four major titles: the National Open, National Handicap, 20-goal and Monty Waterbury Cup. A three-goal man, Beveridge has been playing since 1938.

DAVID LIVINGSTON, 22, of Lake Village, Ark. has been national high point outboard racing champion for four years, All-American for two. A college senior, he won three titles in National Outboard Association championships this year.



ANNE MORRISSEY, 21, of Bronxville, N.Y. is a pretty Cornell senior who has twice shattered tradition. Last spring, she was named the first female sports editor of Cornell's *Daily Sun* and this fall became the first of her sex to sit in Yale's football press box. A philosophy major, Anne roots for the Yankees, loves football, Chinese food, Beethoven and Dixie. Post-graduate ambition: to earn a living as a sportswriter.



JODY WEST, 20, of Galena Park, Tex., combines beauty with athletic skill. Memphis Naval Air Station makes named her "Miss Training Device" in 1953 and this summer her amazing control and 21-4 pitching record won the women's All-Marine softball title for El Toro. One of five women Marines qualified as Link Trainer instructors, she plans to study physiotherapy at U.C.L.A.



CYRIL MARZIK, 44, and his two sons, **TOMMY**, 12, and **BOBBY**, 18, of Bridgeport, Conn. are skeet-shooting champions. "Cy," whose record is 212 straight targets, started training his youngsters when they were 10, was rewarded when Bobby won Connecticut State Junior Open in 1948, defeated Dick Shaughtnessy, former national champion, in 1949, then took the Great Eastern Junior in Tommy's first big tournament last year, he won the Great Eastern Sub-Junior with a record-breaking 84, although suffering from poison ivy.

FROM PEE WEES TO THE BIG TIME

Tippy Johnson, a rink rat since childhood, has grown into a hot prospect for the big leagues

LYNN, MASS.

MOST people around Lynn, Mass. fondly refer to Tippy Johnson, who recently turned 16, as a rink rat. That's a high compliment in Lynn, a hockey-minded town. Tippy was blessed with this description of himself because he's one of the kids who hangs out almost permanently at the North Shore Sports Center, a place where the puck is furiously chased just about all year, except in June, when the roller skaters get a brief and grudging break.

Tippy, whose proper name is Lorne Johnson Jr., can play on the rink for nothing because he helps to scrape the skate-lacked surface after hours and lug the water tanks around to spray it into a glasslike gleam once more. And all this rink duty by Tip has brought results.

In the late days of August, the Boston Bruins held tryouts for young hockey potentials around Greater Boston. The top-rated were promised a week at the big league Bruins' junior training camp in Galt, Ontario—a place always clogged up with young Canadian hockey flashes. This year, Tip was one of the chosen—he and Cambridge's Don Rigado (last year's Lynn tryout-winner), will be the only representatives of the U.S.

Judges of the young New England talent included all the Bruin regulars, plus Manager-Coach Lynn Patrick. He and his players rated the boys as they saw them: five points for their top choice, four for their second. The rink rat, Tippy Johnson, wound up with 23 points.

"This kid, Tippy Johnson," says Lynn Patrick, the hockey pro's pro, "is positively the best young player I've seen on ice in New England." He paused, took a deep breath, and added: "Master of fact, I'll stack him up against the best kids I've seen in Canada."

What makes Tippy so spectacular to the pros isn't just his aggressiveness and his determination—though he's bulging at the belt with both. But according to Lynn Patrick, who's seen them come and go for a good many years, Tippy does naturally things that many big league players do just once in a while and sometimes never.

"HE'S A PRO ALREADY"

"For instance," Patrick says about Tippy, "this kid, when he's in a scoring position, always and instinctively has his stick on the ice. You look, sometimes, at a big league game, big league players. You'll see some of them with their sticks waist-high. This Tippy—he's a pro already. You won't catch him with his head down."

Tippy took up hockey when he was 6 years old, using figure skates borrowed from a girl next door. His father never discouraged him on sports—his father happens to be one of the all-time greats of Lynn high school football. "Moose," they called him, in the days when he played on Lynn Classical's state championship team of 1928. Lynn Classical, incidentally, is the traditional foe of Lynn English, the school that Tippy goes out to do-or-die for.



TIPPY ON SKATES IS A SWIFT BUNDLE OF DARTING TRICKINESS

Tippy took his reward for being top man in the Bruins' tryouts in his stride. He went to Galt and spent a week there, skating against Canadian competition—which is no joke, in hockey circles. "He was up against kids older and more experienced," Lynn Patrick reports, "but he did all right, that boy. If he'd wanted to, he could have gone to school there on a scholarship we offered him. He turned it down because to play in the Toronto Amateur League you've got to be 17. That meant he'd have to sit out a year. He came back to Lynn like the rink rat he is."

LUCKY FOR LYNN

A lucky thing for Lynn English, too. This year their team is being built around the right-wing prospects of Tippy. The coach, Harold (Red) Foote, might have had a lost cause on his hands this year without Tippy Johnson. But with this 5 ft. 9 in., 165-pound bundle of darting trickiness on the ice, Coach Foote expresses quiet confidence that Lynn English might just mop up the championship of the North Shore League. It figures, he figures.

Tippy got his grooming in what he called the Pee Wee league of hockey. This is a league where you're out when you hit 15. With the Pee Wees, Tippy made three trips to the Midwest in national competition. In 1953, in Duluth, he won out as the best skater among those present from all over the country.

He has no plans for college. When he gets through Lynn English—and maybe before—he'll light out for Canada to become a hockey pro. And it just might be that Tippy, plus the Bruins' new Lynn tryouts for New England hopefuls, will cut into the long-time Canadian monopoly on topflight hockey players. Anyway, you can be sure that as Lynn English opens its season on Dec. 4, Tippy Johnson will be at right wing. And Lynn Patrick's Boston Bruins will be keeping track of how he's doing with that puck.

—DUANE DECKER

MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

NEXT week's issue of *SI* will bring, in the spirit of the season, the shoveller and 15 of his fine-feathered friends, among them the lesser scaup, the gadwall and the bufflehead. They are all familiar friends, too, of the more than two million unfeathered duck hunters who will be waiting for them in frosty duck blinds during the coming weeks, as they travel down the four great American flyways on their annual migrations.



ATHOS MENABONI

But to non-duck-hunting readers of this magazine, who see them simply as specks against a fall sky, the wild ducks in *SI* will be, I think, if not familiar friends, at any rate highly welcome acquaintances.

When our editors decided to present a portrait gallery of who's who in duckdom, the problem of selecting an artist was no problem at all. Athos Menaboni stands today among the top living portrayers of bird life as firmly as John James Audubon,

who died just over 100 years ago, stands for the best and finest in the long tradition of bird painting.

Using very thin oil paints on specially treated panels, Menaboni has given his birds, as no painter before him, the metallic sheen peculiar to plumage. In some other respects Menaboni has been able to advance beyond Audubon's realism, thanks in part to certain advantages not available in an earlier day. For one thing, he has at his command numerous photographic studies of birds in flight; for another, he is able to keep specimens for extended examination, by means of modern refrigeration.

SI was pleased to lend the originals of its paintings to the comprehensive showing of Menaboni's works from October 31st to November 14th at the Ida Cason Gardens in Chipley, Georgia.

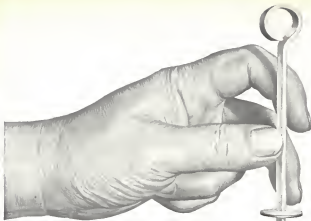
Fletcher Martin will also appear in *SI* for the first time next week with his study of the scene in Marciano's dressing room immediately after the last heavyweight championship fight. Martin's works hang in numerous permanent collections, including the Modern Art. He was an amateur boxer during four years in the Navy, thought of turning professional but decided he could go farther with brushes than with gloves. His painting is the first original work commissioned for *SI*'s *Sport in Art* department.

Our readers have already seen, in the works of Thomas Eakins and George Bellows in *Sport in Art*, examples of how the world of art and the world of sport have drawn from and enlarged each other. The works of Artists Menaboni and Martin are a continuing expression of the belief of *SI*'s editors that these worlds will always make as happy a meeting as mainsails and stiff breezes.



FLETCHER MARTIN

Harry Phillips



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COVER: Surf surfing at Montauk Point, Long Island

Photograph by RICHARD MEEK

In the fall, big striped bass feed close to Montauk's rocky shoreline, where hardy casters like Bob Sylvester endure the surf's bitter lash. The fishing is far more serious than in the easy days of summer vacations and continues into nights when frost is already in the air (see page 46).

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

**HOW ROBERT CHRISTENBERRY
HAS "CLEANED UP" BOXING**

When New York's commissioner took office he declared war on hoodlums. So far he has inflicted few casualties. A no-progress report by DAN PARKER

DETROIT'S ROARING LIONS
The are champions and their little-known coach. By TOMMY DEVINE

THE LADY AND THE RACETRACK
A U.S. woman has put new life into racing in Mexico. A word portrait by JACKSON JAY HARTRELL

ANY SCORE FOR SLIPPERY ROCK?
A report in words by ROBERT CREAMER and pictures by JERRY COOKE on everybody's other alien master

PLUS: A SIX-PAGE FOLDOUT IN FULL COLOR ON U.S. DUCKS AND DUCK FLYWAYS

WHEN THE PROS COME

College football has declared cold war on the pros, but the pros with great stars, spectacular games and adroit handling of the knotty problem of television continue to draw the big crowds

by ROGER KAHN

ON SUNDAY a shirt-sleeved crowd of 74,000 fans poured into the Los Angeles Coliseum to see a National League football game. The Coliseum is a temple of college football, but Pacific Coast Conference football has yet to draw 74,000 to the Coliseum this year. The big crowd—some of them even waving pennants—were there to watch the spectacular football of the pros. They got their tickets' worth in a rousing, bruising game in which the champion Detroit Lions twice came from behind to beat the hometown Rams, 27-24.

That same afternoon in San Francisco 53,000 fans watched an even more spectacular Spectacular. With 25 seconds to play, an end for the Chicago Bears named Harlon Hill caught a 46-yard pass and ran 20 strides to the end zone. It was Harlon Hill's fourth touchdown. It was the touchdown that upset San Francisco's unbeaten 49ers, 31-27.

Snow fell in Cleveland Sunday morning. By early afternoon the snow had turned to cold, dreary rain. Still, more than 50,000 people traveled to bleak Municipal Stadium to see for themselves whether the Browns' great quarterback, Otto Graham, had grown too old, whether young Fullback Maurice Bassett, successor to Marion Motley, was too young and whether the Browns, as a team, were dead. Clevelanders shivered and caught cold, but were profoundly cheered to see Graham and Bassett combine to boost the Browns to a 24-14 victory over the New York Giants. The Browns, Cleveland was convinced, were not dead. They'd been pulling a switch: hibernating until cold weather came along.

On Monday, despite imminent elections, the National Football League got its customary large portion of headlines. In the eastern division, headlines proclaimed, the Giants, the Philadelphia Eagles and the Pittsburgh Steelers were all tied for first place. If winter comes, ripened fans mused, can the Browns be far behind? Winter was six weeks off and the Browns, long-time champions of the East, were closing in, just half a game behind the three leaders. In the West, headlines told of a virtual tie. The Lions had won four and lost one. The 49ers had won four, lost one and tied one.

By Tuesday, professional football's fans were looking ahead to the new weekend. The Giants are to play the Steelers in a game that should loosen the Eastern knot. The Rams are to play the 49ers in a game that should produce at least a minor San Francisco earthquake.

Last Sunday and last Monday and last Tuesday were typical. All around the National Football League this season turnstiles have been spinning, owners have been smiling and fans have been chanting, "Go, go, go."



Crunching line play and the huge crowd for a

NOVEMBER 8, 1954

MARCHING IN

SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED



backdrop typify pro football. Here Ram linemen ram innocent Lion into air as pass play develops



OTTO GRAHAM, 33-year-old Cleveland quarterback, passed, directed Browns to 24-14 victory over the New York Giants



Y. A. TITTLE, San Francisco 49ers quarterback, had off day as 49ers suffered first loss, 31-27 setback by Chicago Bears.



OLLIE MATSON, Chicago Cardinals' halfback, scored two touchdowns as Cards won first, a 17-14 upset of Pittsburgh



ADRIAN BURK, quarterback for Philadelphia, had off night as Eagles lost to Green Bay, dropped into tie for first.

Subways in Philadelphia are decked with posters begging, "Watch Penn Score in '54." The University of Pennsylvania isn't scoring, but the Eagles are. Carnegie Tech and Pittsburgh University once had football almost to themselves in Pittsburgh. One night this year the Steelers met the Eagles and Forbes Field overflowed with close to 40,000 fans. Not long ago in Los Angeles the University of Southern California Trojans regularly packed the Coliseum. Southern Cal's top game this year—against the University of California—attracted 65,000. The top pro game so far pitted the Rams against the 49ers. The pro game drew 93,000.

THE ROOTS OF SUCCESS

There are many roots of the professionals' success. Fans seeking the most for their football dollar have been pretty well convinced that professionals are better football players than college boys. Every pro play is loaded with touchdown potential. Almost every pro player was a college standout. The pros are grouped neatly into two divisions and at the end of the season a play-off determines the champion. Colleges, strung in complex conference setups all across the nation, rarely have a clear-cut ruler. The Associated Press polls sportswriters on colleges each week; the United Press polls coaches. Sometimes at season's end the coaches and sportswriters agree. Often the season ends in confusion, compounded by an excess of bowls.

Saturday was always a college day and the pros have respected golden October afternoons. But golden October Saturday nights are the private property of no one. Where colleges have wrestled with television and been thrown repeatedly, the pros have handled TV the way Bob Waterfield used to handle a hand-off.

An ambitious professional program is, in effect, covering Saturday nights and Sundays, using two networks to bring football into living rooms. Fans in New York were asked by the colleges to watch Penn play Penn State on TV last Saturday, a nervy request in view of the records of the teams. On Sunday the pros offered New Yorkers the Giant-Brown game.

Typical of pro network televising wisdom is the program of the Detroit Lions. The Lions feature Texans Donk Walker and Bobby Layne and therefore televise heavily into Texas. When does this pay off? During the exhibition game season, which is even more important to professional football treasures than spring training is to baseball coffers.

There are, of course, a number of ways in which the colleges can react to professional success. One would be to take the athletic budget, divert it to the English department and make sure that all college graduates can spell. For high-pressure football factories this is absurd. The factories have

declared cold war on the professionals.

Minutes of a meeting held in Chicago last June reveal at least a chunk of contemporary collegiate athletic thought. The special conference demanded that no college hire a coach from pro ranks until at least a year has passed since his last association with professional sports. The point here is not that Casey Stengel might want to coach Amherst's baseball team. The point is strictly football. Other resolutions recommend banning pro scouts from the comparative comfort of college press boxes, and ending exchange of complimentary tickets. The Big Ten has a rule forbidding "discussion or mention of professional athletics on broadcasts of its athletic events."

MORE BIG TEN RULES

Another Big Ten rule makes it "illegal" for a college coach to appear on any of the between-half shows during broadcasts and telecasts of professional games. Finally, the Big Ten forbids its coaches and players from appearing on any television or radio show if that show offers one glimpse of or one word from a professional.

As a tactic, cold wars are still too new for final appraisal, but chances are that the hot football played by the pros—football that has won so many fans—will win more fans. At last check a lot of old school ties had been stuffed into drawers along with plus fours, leaky flasks and diagrams of the flying wedge.

The pro game may never displace college football—as Robert Hutchins has wishfully predicted—but it has become big enough and good enough to be a roasting, indispensable part of the U.S. sporting fall.

PRO FOOTBALL CROWDS

SEASON HIGHS IN 1954

WESTERN DIVISION			
TEAM	HOME FIELD	1954 TOP	
Los Angeles	Coliseum	93,751	
San Francisco	Kezar Stad.	70,600	
Detroit	Briggs Stad.	58,321	
Chicago	Wrigley Field	47,900	
Baltimore	Memorial Stad.	36,215	
Green Bay	City Stadium	24,414	
EASTERN DIVISION			
Pittsburgh	Forbes Field	39,075	
Philadelphia	Connie Mack Stad.	37,322	
New York	Polo Grounds	31,254	
Cleveland	Municipal Stad.	30,448	
Chicago	Comiskey Park	23,823	
Washington	Griffith Stad.	23,567	

LOS ANGELES CROWD, sunbathed and attentive, watches visiting Detroit gain.



SOUNDTRACK

NIGHT BEFORE WITH LOU THE A's—LATEST INSTALLMENT THE ASTOUNDING WILLIE

New five-year plan?

JUST NOW, as all the world knows, Russian athletes are being drilled and polished to win the 1956 Olympics. After that? A member of the Soviet delegation to the U.N. lifted the curtain just a bit in a moment of relaxed conversation last week: "We are now beginning to train some of our best athletes to play American baseball."

Wired for sound

DURING 25 years of coaching football at Columbia University, Lou Little, a large, amiable and wonderfully preserved specimen of 61, has endured endless travail, both mental and physical. He has literally broken his neck and lost his voice. He had to wear a steel brace for three months and sleep with his head propped between two sandbags to get it swiveling properly again after a scrimmage collision with a couple of beefy players. One of his vocal cords had to be removed after he tore it into ribbons while roaring at another group of his muscular charges. Though he has been in the Rose Bowl (1934), upset the Army in 1947, and enjoyed many another gridiron triumph, he has never gone through a Columbia season without losing a game, and he is a man who can sorrow over defeat 15 years after enduring it.

He has, however, remained outwardly unperturbed; for 25 years on nights before home games, he has lounged about his five-room apartment on New York's upper West Side as calmly as if he faced nothing more stirring than a bout of ping-pong on the morrow. Last week, on the night before his underdog Lions played Cornell, he spent a quiet evening at home in full view of U.S. television as a "guest" on Edward R. Murrow's program, *Person to Person*. But in the process he was sucked up and spit out, as it were, by the electronic age and there were times when he seemed genuinely shaken.

The evening, taken all in all, was undoubtedly the longest Little has ever experienced. Electronically speaking, it began six whole weeks ago, when a crew of CBS technicians arrived at his apartment, photographed its interior, mentally catalogued its furnishings, stared gloomily at its cream-colored walls. It went on, by way of interviews, through the intervening weeks, and began reaching a series of climaxes on the afternoon before the game.

A big CBS truck pulled up in the street before the apartment building shortly after lunchtime, and within minutes a crew of harassed and husky workmen were struggling into the coach's abode with clanking burdens of complex-looking electrical gear. As the afternoon wore on, a black cable, as thick as a boa constrictor, was hauled six stories up the side of the building into one of the Littles' windows. Another was hauled six stories farther up the side of the building to the roof, where a parabolic metal "dish" as big as an elephant's ear was waiting to beam Little's face by ultra-high frequency across town to receiving devices on the top of the Empire State Building.



Three television cameras, complete with tripods and dollies, appeared in the apartment; so did eight huge lights known as "buckets," eight spotlights, twelve "clip-on" lights, and six devices known as "polecats" on which to clip them. Furniture was moved and piled in the dining room amid boxes of equipment. Cables appeared like coiled snakes across the floors. A dozen men tinkered and muttered in the corners; among them was a specialist who painfully placed matchsticks behind scores of framed photographs on the walls of Little's den, delicately tilting each to prevent its glass from reflecting light into a camera.

Amid this confusion, the coach's pleasant, gray-haired wife, Loretta, wandered anxiously with a bird cage in one hand. "Cupie," she called, "come Cupie!" But Cupie, a blue-breasted parakeet, obviously thought the world was coming to an end; it perched atop a high mirror, listening in astonishment to a loud-speaker which was trilling and chirping just like another bird across the room. It took a long time to get Cupie caged again.

By the time Little got home at six (after a two-hour lunch with Murrow and a last-minute session with his football team), his home looked not unlike the control room of a spaceship. A man in a topcoat hurried in, grabbed a voice pickup device from one camera and cried into it: "Let's wait until we get lights, Ed," and hurried out, calling, "I'm going up to the roof!"

A young man carrying a stuffed lion, which wore a whistle about its neck, glasses on its nose, and a Columbia baseball cap, arrived, beaming. The program's editorial assistant handed Little a peach-colored script containing the 15 questions Murrow was to ask him, and carefully pointed out those which were cues for movement about the apartment. A technical man approached with a microphone, a packet of batteries and a small radio-sending device, and wired Little for sound. "What's this wire?" said Little, who had broken into a light sweat. "Do I tie it to something?"

"Just shove it down your pants leg," said his electronic guide. "That's the aerial. Put the packages in your hip pockets. Now you're a walking radio station. Of course we'll have three fish-pole men to pick you up if you go dead."

"I see," said Little, heavily.

At 7:45 the lights went on, bathing the living room in a white glare. "Poor Cupie," said Mrs. Little, "he's out of it all."

"Yeah," said her husband, with restraint, and stared fixedly at the script.

Said the technical director: "Now for Mrs. Little—I want two in position to really wing her!" Then silence fell and, with the aid of the editorial man, the Littles began going through their parts. A half hour later they did so again, but this time a disembodied voice—that of a technician monitoring the cameras from the truck down on the street—began baying directions from the loud-speaker in the corner of the room. "Move his chair," it grated. "That lamp is sitting right on his head!"

Little looked guilty, but persevered. At 9:45 he seated himself for the fifth time beside the stuffed lion and began his answers again. This time, the voice of Murrow himself (who was seated in his studio) issued from the loud-speaker and joined the rehearsal. Afterward, the technical man knelt beside Little's chair and said, earnestly, "Coach, camera number one is Ed. Just look at the camera—this camera, not that camera—and you're looking at Ed." The coach moistened his lips and nodded.

Then—after a half-hour wait—the program really began. All the cameras, lights, cables and gear were out of the apartment by one in the morning. Score of the next day's game? Well—Cornell, 26; Columbia, 0.

Philadelphia Soap Opera

AT THE END of a six-hour American League meeting last week, Earl J. Hilligan, assistant to the league president, stepped out from behind closed doors. "I have a statement," he said. Voluntarily, Hilligan placed his back against the wall of a sixth-floor hall in New York's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Reporters gathered into a four-deep semicircle about him. Hilligan looked up, then began to read.

"The Philadelphia syndicate," he started, "failed to receive a vote of approval from the American League. The meeting has been adjourned to permit the Macks to return to Philadelphia to work out their own problems."

There was a quiet; the same quiet that comes when a joke has fallen flat. "What does this mean?" a reporter asked.

"It means what it says," Hilligan explained.

"What are the Macks' problems?"

"I can't comment further," Hilligan continued.

"Are the Macks going to line up a new buyer and bring him before the league for approval?"

"Possibly," Hilligan said, "but remember: those are your words, not mine."

The American League thus extended for yet another installment The Philadelphia Soap Opera. As you remember, we last left the Philadelphia Athletics in straits. They were broke, unloved and in Philadelphia. Arnold Johnson, tall wealthy Chicagoan, had appeared on the scene to rescue them and provide a new home in Kansas City. But a syndicate of eight Philadelphia businessmen stepped between Johnson and the Athletics to keep them in Philadelphia. Meanwhile, the American League was

suffering from amnesia or something, brought on no doubt by an attempt to forget the 1954 season. Connie Mack, 91-year-old patriarch of the Athletics, was weary. Earle and Roy, his sons, were feuding.

And now, wipe those suds out of your eyes and we'll get back to our story. In the American League last season, the Athletics finished in last place, 60 games behind the Cleveland Indians, who, in the World Series, finished in last place, four games behind the New York Giants. The Pittsburgh Pirates, long a standard of ineptitude, finished last in the National League, only 44 games behind the Giants. To find an American League team as far back as the Pirates, you have only to glance at fourth place—where Boston's Red Sox rested unmenacingly, 42 games behind the Indians. After the Red Sox came Detroit, Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia, dragging drearily. Bluntly, the Athletics of 1954 somehow managed to be terribly terrible in the horribly weak American League, which only half deserved to be called a major league.

Only the Indians, the New York Yankees and Chicago White Sox consistently played big-league baseball last summer. No wonder disenchantment struck fans in Baltimore, boredom entered the Washington scene, and absenteeism was rife in Philadelphia. The A's went heavily into debt when they attracted just over 300,000 customers, but their fans cannot be blamed. The fans did not weary of major-league baseball. They wearied of the dreary games played by the A's against rivals almost as dreary.

When Earle and Roy Mack got out of each other's way and the American League holds enough more six-hour meetings, the A's probably will be sold,

probably leave town, and The Philadelphia Soap Opera will end. But that does not mean that major-league baseball will be saved.

The feeble American League can be just as feeble with the A's in Kansas City or Wounded Knee.

The Lip

WHEN LEO (The Lip) Durocher wrenched himself, id and all, into the new, lovable Leo Durocher, the only manager in the National League with a pensive smile, most observers were so stunned that they were unable to assess the qualities of sweetness thus unveiled. A good many, in fact, were wary and did not really accept the evidence until Leo was caught in a Third Avenue antique shop one afternoon late in the summer and blandly admitted that he had taken to collecting old saltcellars. Last week, however, as Leo coursed the banquet circuit on the West Coast, with his shoes polished and his face shining, it was finally possible to weigh his new personality with detachment.

Leo, it must be understood, is not only jolly and modest, but accommodating. In response to questions, he indicated that he would be delighted if the Giants moved to Los Angeles some day; in San Francisco, where he spoke at a Big Ten Club luncheon, he indicated that he would be equally delighted if the Giants moved to the Golden Gate. He definitely announced that he is not a genius—"With Willie Mays and 27 other of the finest men in baseball, who has to be a genius?" But even as he praised Mays, it was evident that a certain Lardneresque directness is still his. "Oh, maybe if Willie ever writes a letter," said Leo, "it would take you three days to read it. But in that outfield—all I do is pray those other guys will hit it in the air."

In discussing his own shortcomings, Leo took up the subject of Outfielder James (Dusty) Rhodes, the hero of the World Series. "This spring," he said, "I told the boss, 'Get rid of Rhodes. He can't do nothin'.' He can't run. He can't field. But wait a minute. I know one thing he can do. He can drink more whiskey than anyone I've ever known." One time in Tokyo, Laraine and I were at the Imperial Hotel at 9:30 in the morning and we bump into Dusty. His eyes were like slits. But that afternoon in front of 55,000 people he hits three home runs. I wouldn't have bet he could pick up a bat. So you know what? I'm going to start buying that guy's drinks. I'm going to put a rope around him and lead him to the bar."

Caught up by this vision, Leo took a deep breath and confided: "Ya know something? I like the dirty players. You take those guys nobody else likes, the other players won't talk to. I like



"The trouble with you guys is you left your brains in the classroom."

that kind. You give them to me. I like the players who'll tag ya, and then step on ya."

What could be more lovable than that?

The plague

THE ASTOUNDING Willie Shoemaker, a jockey who seems to be able to steer horses to victory as deftly and surely as if they had wheels and Offenhauser engines, won his 2,000th race the other day at California's Tanforan track—a development which was received with mixed emotions by racing fans, by his fellow jockeys, by Tanforan's management, by owners of horses running there and, doubtless, for that matter, by a good many of the horses themselves. Willie is not only good, he is confusingly good, and Tanforan has had a horrible time trying to adjust itself to him this year.

Not that Tanforan didn't do the right thing by Willie—four obliging jockeys hosted him to their shoulders in the winner's circle, a track official presented him with a large silver trophy, and the 32 bettors, hiving in the stands, raised their voices in a salute which was less than 10¹/₂ jeers. They could have done no less: Willie is only 23 years old, and he has racked up his amazing total of more than 2,000 victories in five and a half years, a fact which makes it even more impressive in a way than Johnny Longden's 4,461 wins, Eddie Arcaro's 3,414 and Teddy Atkinson's 3,049.

On top of that, Shoemaker is a local boy (he was born in Texas but grew up on a farm in El Monte, Calif.) and one who made good despite a handicap. Jockeys must be small, but not too small—Willie stands but 4 feet 11 inches, and weighs but 95 pounds and few riders as tiny as that have the strength to become really great on the track. In Willie's case it has made no difference at all. He has big arms and shoulders; more important, he seems to have been born with a mysterious gift for getting horses home first. In his first nine months as a lowly apprentice he rode 219 winners. Last year he set an all-time record for victories: 485.

By the time Tanforan's meeting began Willie was just about the hottest thing on the U.S. turf (as of last week he had won with 30.1¹/₂ of everything he had ridden, had placed in the money 684 times in 1,165 starts). Willie is well liked around the tracks—he is a silent, rather dour little man, but though he makes almost \$200,000 a year he lives simply, rides cleanly and stirs his colleagues to admiration rather than envy. Nevertheless he has affected Tanforan like a plague: after only a few days of watching him slash through nonexistent openings in his drives for the wire, owners and trainers began re-

fusing to enter races in which he was riding.

Fields became so alarmingly small that Tanforan's stewards placed a blackout on all information as to Shoemaker's prospective mounts; to do so they threatened all jockey's agents with fine, suspension or revocation of their licenses for identifying horses their clients are to ride. This seal of secrecy solved Tanforan's problem at least partially but Shoemaker has gone on winning anyhow (98 victories in 250 starts for the meeting) and has thus driven the odds down so consistently that bettors can only lament: "You can't win betting on or against him."



Willie, a man of remarkable serenity, has acted throughout as though the whole astounding process—undoubtedly the most baffling one-man domination of an entire race meeting in history—was completely commonplace. In this, he is running true to form. Willie was trapped by a radio announcer just after winning \$144,000 on Great Circle in the 1951 Santa Anita Maturity. "This must be a great day for you, Willie," cried the interviewer. "What are you going to do after you leave the track?"

"Eat," said Willie.

Warren Wilbur Shaw

DEATH seemed to have no interest at all in claiming Warren Wilbur Shaw, the racing driver with the Clark Gable mustache and the devil-may-care smile. As a boy from Shelbyville, Indiana, Shaw crawled through the fence at the Indianapolis Speedway on Memorial Day, 1918, to see the racing cars go round and round, and from that day on, as he put it later, speed was his first freedom. At 19 he built himself a racing car—"a bag of bolts that just disintegrated" when he drove his first race. He was undiscouraged. He fractured his skull at Paris, Ill. in 1923, went over the wall at Indianapolis in 1931 (came out with a few bruises), smashed the wall again in his last big race in 1941. Between accidents he made himself one of the great racing drivers of all time; he won the Indianapolis "500" three times, in 1937, 1939 and 1940. In 1945 he settled down as manager of the Speedway. Death brushed him in ironical fashion once more—he suffered a heart attack while judging a small boys' Soap Box Derby at Akron, Ohio. He was 51 when this year's 500 was run, and seemed hale and hearty. But last week a small plane in which he was flying home from Detroit with two friends—Pilot Ray Grimes and Ernest R. Roose, an Indianapolis artist—crashed on farmland at Decatur, Ind. Death claimed all three.

SPECTACLE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CORNELL CAPA

STRAINING AT THE CABER

Caber tosser strives for perfection in most colorful event of Braemar Games—climactic festival in series of Highland games first instituted by the ancient Celts

The Braemar caber, a 19-foot log that weighs 120 pounds, is the stoutest in the Highlands, and it takes a brawny Scot like the one on the opposite page to give it a toss to please the implacable eye of elderly judges. To watch the toss and the 53 other events that make up the Games, 20,000 spectators packed into Braemar's Princess Royal Park while more than 100 bagpipers skirled tunes the pipers learned from their ancestors.

The spectators, many of whom have not missed a Games for 15 years, come to Braemar expecting 1) a glimpse of the royal party 2) a chance to Ooo and Aah at the athletes in their antics, 3) rain. This time they got all three. Punctually at the traditional hour of 3, Elizabeth, Philip, and the peripatetic Queen Mother appeared in the royal box (see page 18). Kilted Scotsmen took their turns at everything from a tug-o-war to dancing the Seann Truibhas. And finally, so that the oldest followers would feel at home, a chill Scottish drizzle began early in the morning and drenched the Games from beginning to end.





Queen Elizabeth, flanked by Philip, Queen Mother and host, Marquess of Aberdeen, watched from Royal Box



as massed pipe bands of military units and Scottish cities trooped by. Above her flew standard of Scotland



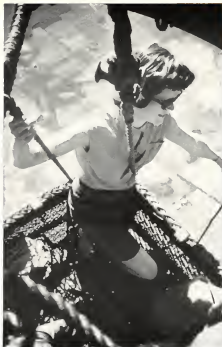
Regimental tug of war matched husky Gordon Highlanders, who won, against the Black Watch



Cumberland wrestling, in which contestants cannot vary holds, sent men whirling around like dancers.



Kilted soldier of Gordon Highlanders climbed on grill guard of regimental lorry to snap pictures of Games.



FROM BALLOON BASKET JOAN PICCARD LOOKS DOWN ON PENNSYLVANIA FARMLAND. DON PICCARD WAVES TO GROUND CREW

UP IN THE HANDS OF THE LORD

by COLES PHINIZY

The free balloon hasn't changed much since the world's first aeronaut, Pilâtre de Rozier, ascended over Paris in 1783. Yet even in this day of greater aerial wonders there is some old magic in a balloon that draws people to it—perhaps because each ascent captures a little of de Rozier's first adventure. This is a word and picture report by an SI staff writer who lived through a balloon adventure last week.

In the pre-dawn of Sunday, Oct. 24, in Valley Forge, Pa., crewmen of the Balloon Club of America started gas flowing into the vast, lifeless fabric of experimental balloon N9073H. For four hours they moved around it, setting

sandbags against its rising strength, until at 9:40 a.m. it stood over them, tugging in the wind, seemingly impatient to be away. The ground crew cast it free and suddenly its impatience was gone. It slowly lifted its crew away from the land, floating with the wind.

The pilot of this flight was the ex-Navy balloonist Don Piccard, son of the stratosphere explorers, Jean and Jeannette Piccard. With him was a crew of four: his wife, Joan, a veteran aviatrix, Connie Wolf, and two new crewmen, Tony Bryan and I, both making our first ascent.

As balloonists keep saying, there is nothing else like it. Our balloon drifted through absolute stillness, hanging in



WORTH LEAVES VALLEY FORGE AIRPORT

continued on next page

the sky on a simple law of physics. Traveling at the exact speed of the wind, we felt no wind.

To photograph the others, I rode four feet above them, crouching, quite frankly, like an apprehensive gibbon on the wooden land ring from which the basket hangs. Hooked on a net line, actually I was safe enough so long as I watched my hands. A half foot in front of me were the control lines: one cord to hold the "appendix"—the balloon's safety vent—another to operate the gas valve in descent and, third, the rip panel line, a bright red tape purposely different in color and feel so no one would mistakenly pull it in mid-air. Pulling it opened a 20-foot gash, suddenly releasing all the gas—a device used only on the ground to prevent dangerous dragging.

The voices of the four in the basket below me broke cleanly and sharply as sounds do high on a mountain. When no one spoke, our senses stretched out, and we could hear the small, particular noises of a toy world below—the shuffling of traffic and trains, barnyard chattering, gunshots, a dog barking. "You think of all the houses and people," said Piccard, "but then think of all the stumps in the woods and all the ants in each stump." His wife Joan spotted a new housing development where the builders had left trees, real trees, standing.

We could not feel it, but from the map and our racing shadow we knew we were riding a 30-mile wind across Philadelphia suburbs, then across the Delaware River. At 10:25 we were 4,000 feet over New Jersey. "Artists' paints on a palette," mused Joan Pic-

card, looking down at refinery tanks by the river. We said little for the next 10 minutes, until Joan had a more prosaic, wifely thought. "Don, I think the orange cat is locked in our utility room."

It was 10:38 by my watch—not yet an hour. Ahead there was a glint of water. At 10:40 exact I would ask Piccard our location and altitude and enter it in the log.

A whoof-whoof sound came from above us. I looked down at Piccard. He looked at me. "I didn't touch anything," I said. We all looked up.

With a terrifying suddenness the whole bottom of the balloon swirled inward.

4,300 FEET UP: "WE'VE HAD IT"

Piccard gave a cry. "We've had it. The rip panel's gone." In the first shocking moment of fear I did nothing but stare at Piccard cutting the appendix cord with a knife, then at the ground, then at the twisting, shrinking fabric above. "It's sticking on the valve line," Piccard again cried, slashing with his knife. "We've got to parachute it."

The rest of his words dissolved into jabber. Dumbly, all thumbs, I worked to unbuckle myself from the net, my mind clutching for some hope and finding little. Somebody 100 years ago had parachuted in a burst fabric. Had there been others like us, with no special parachute rig? With no valve line to guide the collapsing fabric?

Then as I crawled and slid down through the hoop to the basket, I could see the faces of the other four, but I could not tell if they were afraid. "Throw the ballast," Connie Wolf said.



AS A CROWD GATHERS IN THE BARLEY FIELD,

"The sand first," Piccard ordered, "then bags, and we won't hurt anyone below. There's no gas left. We're on complete parachute." The sand fell behind us in an arc. The bags hung even with us for a moment, then fell away. Air was sifting up, rustling papers in the bottom of the basket. "Our rate is 2,000 a minute," Piccard said. "Maybe more. The needle only goes to 2,000." This must be fast. I thought—that heavy fabric, the basket, and five people totaling one ton, and the fabric still curling in. As our parachute got smaller, we would go faster.

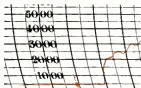
"I knew, I told you . . . and I don't even get to be a widow," whimpered Joan Piccard.

"We'll make a parachute landing. Don knows what he is doing," said Tony Bryan.

1,000 FEET TO GO

"We're in the hands of the Lord," said Piccard.

A thousand feet more, I thought. "When we hit, brace with your hands on the basket," Piccard said. "Practice



FLIGHT AND FALL of the balloon were recorded on the barograph. For an hour (broken into 15-minute intervals by heavy

AFTER CRASH TONY BRYAN COMFORTS INJURED JOAN PICCARD BESIDE BALLOON BASKET





PILOT DON PICCARO ROLLS UP THE COLLAPSED BALLOON, REVEALING THE DARK RIP-PANEL SLIP WHICH BURST IN MID-AIR

once now so we give each other room." We squatted, tight against each other in the four-by-five basket. The land was tilting away now. Oscillation, I thought. That's not good. A woods was now below, then a field of winter cover, and a barn growing large on my right. It would be hell to hit a barn.

"I'm throwing the heavy stuff," I shouted.

"Yes, everything. The seats."

Five hundred feet now. I had never seen it come up so fast in a plane. "We're going to clear the high tension wires," someone said. I saw wires. A road. I thought of my wife. I tried to recall past experiences that might serve me now, but only the words of Chris Kogel, an old gymnast, seemed to apply: "Break the fall with your arms. Then tuck. Tuck and roll."

"Watch the load ring," said Bryan. "It will come down on us when we hit."

"We're going into the man's peach trees," said Joan. Lines of green swept up. I never felt the impact. Suddenly we were back in the air, then rolling, bounding, body against body

in a brown darkness.

I was lying half across Connie Wolf's legs. Joan was somewhere to the right of me moaning. She had broken a leg and foot. Bryan and I had broken toes. None of us knew how we had come out of it so lightly, or cared to think how much worse it might have been. We had come down 2,000 feet a minute, impacting with three times the force of a standard parachute fall.

"YOU WERE LUCKY"

I stood by the battered equipment, while the others took Joan to a hospital. A Mr. Blaine Heritage, who had been walking his dog as we flashed over at 100 feet told me, "You were lucky. Missed the wires, hit in the asparagus

field, bounced four feet up again and landed in the barley."

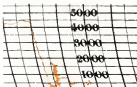
State Trooper Parvin Stryker came through the gathering crowd, puzzling over a pink accident form. "Make or model?" he asked.

"It was a free balloon when we left Valley Forge," I said.

"It's a convertible," someone suggested.

While I waited for the others to return, a Mr. William Hazleton asked me if I would like to have my picture taken. In another hour the crowd dispersed and cars no longer stopped to ask if a balloon had fallen. By one o'clock there were only Mr. Hazleton and I sitting by the road swapping stories on a slow Sunday afternoon.

CREW MEMBER PHINIZY EXPLAINS TO OFFICER CLARENCE WINGATE HOW BALLOON FELL



lines on the graph) the balloon climbed gradually until rip panel burst at 4,300 feet, then fell 2,000 feet a minute.

DOWN IN THE DUST OF JAMAICA

Coming around the last turn in a \$3,500 claiming race at Jamaica, John W. Nizlek's Precession was leading by a head. He had won a race only four days earlier. This was his fourth start in 11 days, his 148th in a nine-year career in which he had won \$107,710. He had been retired to stud twice; but, said his owner, "He wanted to run."

A hundred feet from home, the 10-year-old stallion—Bobby Stovall up—faded to third. Suddenly, as the excerpts from Jamaica's film patrol (right) show, Precession crashed to the ground, the cannon bone of his right foreleg unaccountably broken.

Stovall plunged on the track and was nearly trampled as New Liberty stum-

bled over the fallen horse. Luckily he got away with only his wind knocked out. Sidney Cole on New Liberty, who kept his horse up long enough to take third money, walked off. Then the ambulance pulled between Precession and the grandstand. The horse was made to lie down, and the veterinarian shot him through the head.



Horse and rider crashed to ground as 10-year-old Precession snapped right foreleg only three strides from finish



Running third, Precession abruptly collapsed, throwing Jockey Stovall to turf as other horses headed for wire



Fourth-running New Liberty tripped, slammed across finish line while Precession struggled up, dragging broken leg



I TAUGHT BUD WILKINSON TO PLAY FOOTBALL



One of America's greatest golfers recalls her childhood days in Minneapolis when she was quarterback of the 50th-Street Tigers and Bud Wilkinson, now the coach of the University of Oklahoma Sooners, was the right tackle. Patty takes no credit for Wilkinson's success at Oklahoma, but she does feel that plays she ran over him may have contributed to his education

by PATTY BERG as told to SETH KANTOR

ONE DAY in September I was matched with Jackie Pung in the Ardmore, Oklahoma Women's Open Golf Tournament. Jackie is a wonderful pro—the kind who figures to beat you every time out. She and I were the halfway leaders and, going into the traditionally critical third round, I had her by one stroke. We drew a large gallery. The afternoon was scorching. I wasn't.

Normally, I don't have long-game troubles, but she was maintaining such tough pressure on every hole, I knotted and wasn't getting anything off the tee. The cup began to look as big as Sir Gordon Richard's monocle and, worse yet, I started thinking about a football game being played 85 miles up the road at Norman.

Going out for fairway shots and in between holes, there was a guy in our gallery with a portable radio, keeping the Oklahoma-Texas Christian game muffled to his ear. I would ask him every so often what was happening and it seemed that "my" team, Oklahoma, also was having a nowhere afternoon. The Sooners were being outplayed by a highly inspired opponent. So was I. But that isn't why Oklahoma was my team. Bud Wilkinson is their coach; that's why. Bud has been a special hero of mine for 25 years—ever since he was 13 and I was 11 and we lived on the same block in south Minneapolis and played on the same football team.

STORYBOOK FINISH

Anyway, I chipped short and went down a stroke to Jackie Pung at Ardmore, just as the first half ended with the Sooners behind 0-2 at Norman. It

was 7-9 after three quarters; then it got worse. Oklahoma trailed 7-16 in the fourth quarter and I was three down to Jackie. Somehow, Wilkinson and Berg just had to rally.



THE WILKINSON BOYS, Bill, 11 (left) and Bud, 9, were just starting careers with Tigers when picture was taken.

An almost storybook finish unfolded after all. Texas Christian slowly sunk into the west and Oklahoma biffed and bammed to win 21-16. And Miss Pung finally weakened too. By weakened, I mean she probably didn't have enough strength to do 50 push-ups after coming in four under par, beating me by five strokes.

When everybody had deserted the course for the day, though, I began to

think about the terrific determination that had made Bud Wilkinson a great athlete back home; the same determination he now quietly shovels into the Sooners to make them the nation's top collegiate football team. I went back out to the practice tee. I finally discovered my stance had been too wide during the afternoon and I'd been pushing the ball. I got my feet in a closer box alignment and began to get a decent coil into my backswing. The ball began to ride 25 and 50 yards more on the drive. I relaxed again.

In the next day's final round, I went under par and won the tournament, one-up over Jackie. Wilkinson and Berg had come through okay—just like winning a big one again for the old "50th-Street Tigers."

THE WORST ARGUERS

The Tigers were my team when we were kids. I played quarterback, Bud Wilkinson was right tackle, his older brother Bill was left tackle, and that's where my intelligent quarterbacking came in. Bud was the best team-player we had until he and Bill started to argue. They were the best, or maybe the worst, arguers I ever saw because every time they started in, words led to knuckles. And when Bill and Bud had a fist fight, everybody stopped everything to watch. They had nothing but classic battles. The Tigers lost a few crucial ones that way: games called on account of the Wilkinson brothers. Therefore, as quarterback, I kept Bud and Bill separated by three big boys in the line, which cut down a lot on games lost.

The "50th-Street Tigers" competed in everything from kick the can to bob-



COACH AS WELL AS QUARTERBACK OF THE 9TH-STREET TIGERS, 31-YEAR-OLD PATTY GIVES HER YOUNG LINEMEN A FEW GOOD TIPS

sledding all year long. In hockey, I was a forward, Bud was goalie. In baseball, I was an outfielder, Bud pitched (and argued with his catcher, one William Wilkinson). In football, I called the plays, and that's where Bud really learned the game. The huddle conversation would sound something like this:

Berg—"Roger and Stanley go out for a long pass. John, you take out that big guy with the green sweater. Okay, now, Boots, you hike the ball back to Marty when I say '22.' Marty takes a long pass, see, and heaves me a lateral instead and I'll go through right tackle. We need the yards. Remember, you guys, '22.'"

Wilkinson—"Are you coming through me again?"

Berg—"That's what I said."

Wilkinson—"What's the big idea? You been carrying the ball off right tackle all afternoon. Aren't you bright enough to go someplace else for once?"

Berg—"Now look, Bud. You just shove your man out of the way and lemme through."

Wilkinson—(nothing for Berg but a nasty look).

But time after time, he would open those wide holes. He blocked hard and consistently gave me the safest running room on the field. I ran where it was padded the softest and that was always the path behind Bud. A couple of years ago, I visited him at Norman

continued on page 28



THE HOME BLOCK AS IT LOOKS TODAY
AND AS PATTY BERG REMEMBERS IT (CIRCA 1925-1930)

W. 9TH STREET

One child lived here but was too young.

(A DUPLEX)

Jackie and 3 sisters. He tried hard but wasn't too strong.

PETERSON

All I remember about Mr. Leach: he had white hair and a grand disposition. Wenters up his yard a lot.

LEACH

Martin played football and hockey at the U. of M. His wife loves golf.

FAIR

Private-school kids.

HAMMERAL

Warren and Margerie. They were Gar Wood's nephew and niece.

WOOD

Two daughters. They played with dolls.

HAULEN

John and Bobby. John became a doctor and went down on a ship during the war.

GREATHOUSE

One boy; three girls. Morris is a lawyer and a fine golfer now.

MESSIAN

No children.

GARDNER

BERG

I lived here. Had two older sisters and would beat up my brother Herman.

ANDERSON

Roger, Bob and Stanley.

DANERON

Bob was an older boy. We always gave the Durneen shrubs a hard time.

BEECHER

Jan... She didn't play.

ELCHERIE

Boots became a star center and guard at Washburn High. Now an undertaker.

WILLIAMS

Two daughters.

FRINGER

Bob was University of Minnesota halfback; now a doctor in L.A. Also there was Tippy and Peggy.

WILKINSON

Bud and Bill... The best of friends now.

WILKINSON

Their grandmother's house.

MORRISSEY

The kids who lived here played once in a while. We beat them most of the time.

COLVAX AVENUE SOUTH

and he drove me out to watch the Sooners practice at Owen Field. He gathered them around and said:

"This is the kind old lady who taught me how to play football. She did it merely by running right-tackle slants so often I had to learn to block opponents to keep her from trampling me."

Most of the Tigers, 14 of us, lived on one block of Colfax Avenue South, between 50th and 51st streets, in Minneapolis. I was the only girl and I knocked the stuffings out of any kid who said I couldn't play. (I was the one who lived at the corner of 50th, which is why we weren't called the "Colfax Tigers.") This must sound as though we were being raised in the midst of an unshaven, slouch-cap, slum area. Colfax South actually was pretty fashionable.

A COMPETITIVE STREET

We all came from a well-to-do environment and a heavy majority of the Tigers now are prosperous business and professional men. Bud never had to worry. There was a substantial real-estate business, his just for the growing up and inheriting, no matter how he played. But, I don't know, every once in a while there seems to be a neighborhood street somewhere which houses a fiercely eager bunch of youngsters, much more highly competitive than youngsters on other streets around them—because of a lot of sociological reasons, I guess. Our one block was like that. The Tigers grew up together, well-mannered and smart, extremely robust and full of rivalry. And Bud Wilkinson was always right in the midst of it. He was fast, strong, an excellent student and almost passionately determined to win at anything.

"Try, try, try," he would say, when another team was giving us a tremendous struggle. It was the kind of determination you would write off as pure Horatio Armstrong Merriwellism if you didn't know Bud. And he used to say it time and again to keep us going. "Try, try, try." Slow, deliberate words. His face would be so serious. I won't ever forget that about him.

Charles P. Wilkinson, a widower during those years, did a fine job of raising his two boys in the spirit of our fierce eagerness, but there was one time I clearly remember him wondering just how far all that spirit could possibly go. It was a Saturday in 1930. I was 12. Bud was 14. I had grabbed a baseball bat and walked from my house at 5001 Colfax to the Wilkinson house at 5015 Colfax and had



IN ROLE OF COACH In 1931 Patty second-guessed Tiger pile-ups. Golf's top woman professional of 1954, she is a member of the advisory staff of Wilson Sporting Goods Co.

knocked there. Mr. Wilkinson answered.

"Can Billy and Bud come out and play?" I asked.

"Play?" Mr. Wilkinson stammered. He has always had a lot of charm and poise. This seemed to shock him. "Young lady, don't you know what time it is?"

"Yes sir," I said. "A little after nine."

"At night!" he said.

"Yes, sir."

"It's pitch-black dark outside."

"Yes, sir."

"Aren't you aware of the fact that you have been playing baseball with my sons for some ten hours already today and now it is night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Go away."

THE RECORD BREAKER

Mr. Wilkinson still kids me about that. I guess the good old "50th-Street Tigers" never did know when to quit.

A number of the boys became big high school football stars and Bud went off to Shattuck Military Academy where he set scholastic and athletic records that have stood for 20 years. Then he went to the University of Minnesota, majoring in English, playing goalie on the hockey team, captaining the golf team and lettering three years in football. He would run

by the long, lonely hour in those days, building his endurance in dashes and wind sprints to improve himself in everything. For instance, he learned to push himself hardest when he was fatigued—for the sheer sake of determination—a major thing he has trained his football teams to do in recent years.

Not many people ever knew the most important story of Bud Wilkinson at Minnesota. He was 20 when he was graduated, but he already had unceremoniously given up more reward than most of us can achieve in any similar period of time.

BUD'S SACRIFICE

He was a cinch to be an All-America guard in 1936, his last year of football. Both he and Ed Widseth, the big tough tackle, had been most outstanding on Bernie Bierman's all-time greatest line for two years. But Coach Bierman had a backfield problem in 1936 and was in desperate need of a fast, strong, clever combination man, a signal-calling blocking back. So Bud didn't even consider his personal glory for a minute. He volunteered to come out of the forward wall, giving up his only chance of becoming All-American, to take over a new position for the sake of the team. He called the plays that year, and Minnesota drove with power sweeps and short-side reverses to a

National Football Championship. Still, his backfield work was so polished he went on to quarterback the College All-Stars to their upset victory over Green Bay in 1937.

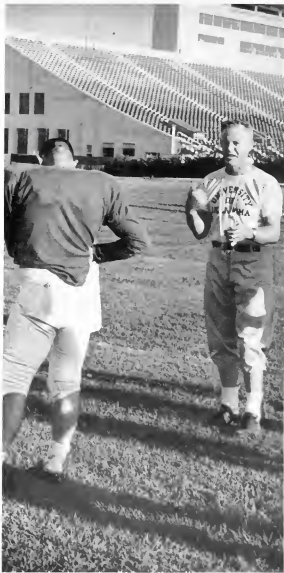
Furthermore, Widseth and Wilkinson had been elected co-captains for 1936, which was something Bud really deserved. But he gave that up, too. He learned that one of the other players was being dropped from the squad because of study troubles. Bud thought it all out, decided what was most important to him and quietly went to Coach Bierman—to suggest that the other boy be named co-captain with Widseth. He hoped it would be an exceptional incentive for the troubled player to settle down scholastically and hang on with the squad. That's just what happened. The other boy took Bud's place of honor and wound up as a great backfield star. Bud never talked about what he did.

A PENT-UP FIRE

Wilkinson the coach, 18 years later, is like Wilkinson the player, except the fire he had as a Tiger chokes off somewhere around his collar button now and slips out quietly. He never shouts at his players. He never berates anybody for a dumb play. But the fire gets all pent up in his insides. I know there are nights when he slips off by himself to the gymnasium to work out as hard as he possibly can, to exhaust himself so he can sleep.

In football, Bud is a positive thinker all the time. He never puts undue pressure on his players by telling them they're great. But he never lets them think they aren't better than the other guy. His main interest at the university is education, though, and he can't stand the idea of a boy coming to Oklahoma just to play football. His teams haven't lost a conference game since he took over as head coach in 1947 and his teams have won 10 for every one they've lost against all comers, which makes the alumni simply delighted. He has a contract running through 1962 on account of that. But Bud is doing things in his own way—insisting that his athletes maintain good marks and seeing that over 90 percent of them are graduated into fields primarily non-athletic. No other coach before him had that kind of success at Oklahoma. The alumni are happy with his educational ideas, too. He is a winning coach.

And I'm very happy I used to run through right tackle all the time. It would have been a shame if Bud Wilkinson had wound up as just another businessman.



AS OKLAHOMA COACH, Bud Wilkinson (right) has refilled old 50th Street Tiger

fire into Sooners, shown during practice in their huge stadium on the Norman campus.

INDIANS'

Connie Jarvis, athletic trainer
motion on any football day—as



TAPING RIBS. Trainer Jarvis braces an injured end who has just been taken out of the game. Jarvis uses some 50 miles of adhesive tape each season.

IF EVER a football team needed the mothering balm of a trainer's sympathetic hand and heart, Stanford University's wounded Indians are it. Winner of their first three games and feeling rather perky, they were summarily scalped by Navy 25-0, then slaughtered by U.C.L.A. 72-0.

But probably no one on the Palo Alto campus took these crushing defeats so hard—or in quite the way—as did the Stanford trainer himself. For 37-year-old Donald Conrad Jarvis is no ordinary athletic trainer who merely straps and patches a player for the next battle. Connie Jarvis is a dedicated ministrant whose interest in a Stanford victory is only surpassed by his paternal concern for "his boys."

Like most trainers, Jarvis concedes that he's a frustrated athlete-doctor. He became head trainer in 1946 and has tended the needs and bruises of all Stanford's athletic teams ever since. "I'll die at Stanford if I can," insists Jarvis. And live and die he does, every time the Indians are in action.

A TYPICAL SATURDAY

On a typical Saturday, Jarvis' ups and downs begin early in the morning at a Palo Alto hotel where the football squad has quietly spent Friday night away from the pregame campus high jinks. At 8:30, after rousing his flock, Jarvis begins taping injured knees, ankles and wrists before the players get dressed. He also must wrap the ankles of a big man like 215-pound guard Tony Mosich, whose ankle joints are too weak to carry him through an entire game without breaking down.

At 10 a.m. the team eats its only pregame meal: roast beef, baked potato, vegetables, all the toast and honey they want, raisin custard and warm tea. "The idea," Jarvis explains, "is to fill their bellies with plenty of nonfatty food so they can have it fully digested before the game."

Some players, too nervous to digest food, are given a sedative. But this doesn't always work, says Jarvis. He recalls when he gave one player Dramamine until he learned that by the third

MEDICINE MAN

for Stanford University teams, is a man in perpetual a detective, nursemaid, confidant and doctor pro tem

quarter the boy was falling asleep.

After brunch, Jarvis dons his white doctor's smock and professional air. Then, in his elaborate \$20,000 training room, equipped with everything from whirlpool baths and diathermy units to electric vibrators and massage tables, he deftly plies his art.

A halfback needs a pneumatic pad to protect a thigh Charley horse, plus a careful fitting of his hip pads to cover a badly bruised nerve spot above the joint—one of football's most painful occupational hazards. On the broken hand of a tackle, Jarvis tapes a hard piece of plastic, then wraps the hand with a heavy layer of soft gauze. "Sure this could make quite a weapon," he admits, "but I can trust this boy—and naturally we tell the other team about it."

The next patient is a lineman with a well-battered nose. Jarvis inserts two straws deep in the nostrils and administers drop of Pristine to shrink the membranes and open the passages.

In between such special cases, Jarvis and an assistant constantly treat an assortment of minor aches and sores. On an average day, they use 100 yards of adhesive, one foot wide.

NO LULL FOR THE TRAINER

After the bandaging, the players sprawl out on mats in the locker room and listen to Eastern games on the radio until time to dress. But there's no lull for Trainer Jarvis: now is the time when the soccer and junior varsity football teams which played in the morning begin streaming in.

As part trainer, part coach and all Stanford fan, Jarvis' gestures and grimaces reflect the fortunes of his team once the game is underway. He runs the sidelines, watching players for undue fatigue or concealed injuries. During time out, he sprints onto the field for a closer look or to help an injured player off. Periodically, he consults

with Coach Chuck Taylor when he sees a player in trouble.

At half time, Jarvis checks the players for injuries and supervises the dispensing of tea, oranges and dextrose wafers, the only refreshment permitted during the game. He makes particularly sure that no one puts ice in the tea. "A couple of years ago," he recalls, "one thirsty boy downed three cups of tea with ice and in the second half was sick all over the field. Actually, it's more cooling to have something warm in your stomach."

With the final gun, Jarvis' work day is nearly done. Back in the training room, he cuts off tape, swabs cuts, gives eye drops to a myopic quarterback whose contact lenses had irritated his eyes, and, depending on the score, offers sympathy or congratulations. The injuries from the game are referred to the team physician—a sprained ankle, a hip injury and a broken hand bone.

After 10 active hours on his feet, Jarvis can finally relax—and begin worrying about next week's game.



BRUISED ARM is bandaged in Stanford's \$20,000 training room before game.



STIFF SHOULDER is clamped in a diathermy unit. Heat relieves the pain.



PAINFUL TOE of player injured in the morning soccer game demands Jarvis' gentlest touch. As head athletic trainer, he tends all of the Stanford teams.

Read This before You Next Change Oil

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INDESTRUCTIBLE LADY

Despite a crippling back injury, Mrs. Betty Palmer Meckley has been playing championship golf for 20 years

by EDWARD B. LOCKETT

THE REMARKABLE THING about the golf game played by Mrs. Betty Palmer Meckley of Washington, D.C. is not just that it has been of championship calibre for nearly 20 years but that it exists at all. By any reasonable medical or human standard, Mrs. Meckley should have been finished as a golfer when, one day in 1934, she keeled over on the course during the semifinal of a tournament in Bennington, Vt. Rushed to a hospital, she learned that a cartilage disc separating the vertebrae in her back had jumped completely out of place, and that im-

mediate surgery was recommended. But Mrs. Meckley refused the operation, and came out of the hospital three painful weeks later with a two-way webbed brace on her back which, even without the doctor's strict orders, seemed to rule golf out of her life forever.

Mrs. Meckley stayed away from golf for a year and a half, but that was all the inactivity this tall, slim, brown-eyed golfing fan could take. She came back to the tees and greens, slowly and tentatively at first, putting and chipping rigidly as she felt her way back into the game. Her braced, unbendable spine forced her to develop a completely different stance and swing, and the going was hard. J. Monro Hunter, a Washington professional and former holder of the Western Canada amateur title for eight straight years, coached her through her comeback.

"We had to develop an unorthodox swing, and change Betty's footwork to accommodate that brace and stiff back," he explains. "A good golfer's back swing is a perfect arc. Betty had to take the club around at a relatively low level, and bring it up over her shoulder after she got it past her right hip. On her stroke, she had to learn to swing past her left side, and not against it."

BACK IN THE 70'S AGAIN

"She had to learn new footwork, to move that left side out of the way. To accomplish all this, the back swing had to be shortened, and Betty had to use her hands and wrists very fast as the club approached the ball. She learned quickly, and became a more accurate golfer than she had been before her injury." Before very long, Mrs. Meckley was shooting in the 70's again.

After 32 continuous years of golf, minus time out for her back injury, Mrs. Meckley now plays to a two-year-old five handicap—her highest. For over 20 years her handicap was three or less. For a number of years she played to scratch. The Meckley collection of golf trophies, crowded into four open cupboards and every cranny of a small Washington apartment, would match the stock of most metropolitan silverware stores.

Mrs. Meckley has won, and held simultaneously, the Middle Atlantic, Maryland State and District of Columbia championships. Nobody else



THE MECKLEY SWING is unorthodox but effective, demands fast wrist work.

continued on page 35



RARE GOLF STEINS

These unusual mementos of the ancient game, made just before the turn of the century, are the highly prized possessions of a New York collector

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GENE PYLE

JACK LEVEL, a portly resident of Elmhurst, Long Island, lives two lives. During the day he works as a press agent in the New York offices of RKO. At night he conducts his own business: the collecting and selling of old golf books, old golf prints, and other memorabilia to the game's many antiquarians. Level laid the groundwork for this nocturnal business in 1916 when he took up golf and began assembling all the books he could find on instruction. From this he gradually branched out into acquiring and selling golf curios. One day after World War II, he spied

in a Third Avenue bar a stein decorated with a figure of an old-style golfer. He talked the bartender into selling it to him, and then set about collecting golf steins in earnest, searching for them in antique shops but working primarily through scouts for antique dealers. Today Level's collection of golf mugs, steins, pitchers, tankards and cups numbers 42 pieces, 32 of which are pictured above. Level, who himself is more businessman than antiquarian, believes all of the pieces were fashioned just before the turn of the century.



One of a set of four, this classic pitcher was made by Doulton Company of England. Level paid \$10 for it.

Pewter cap of this German stein, Level believes, was confiscated by Hitler during metal shortage.



Lenox of Trenton, N.J. made this pitcher, and others like it, to serve as prizes for club tournaments.



Largest piece in Level's collection is this stein, 16 inches high, made by Collamore, a New York City firm.

Bracketed golfer of the 1890s, all wrapped up in his backswing, is the fleshy star of this rangier.



has ever done this. Defending this formidable trio of titles a second year, she held on to both the Middle Atlantic and Maryland championships, narrowly losing out in the District, where the field includes 14 country clubs. She has since won the Middle Atlantic women's amateur title four times, and has twice been runner-up—another unique accomplishment among amateur women golfers.

As if this weren't enough, Mrs. Meckley, braced back and all, has won the District championship three times in all and has three times been runner-up. She has won 13 club championships—five titles each at Kenwood, her own club, and at Indian Springs Club in Washington, and three at the famous Mohawk Club in Schenectady, where she learned to play golf under the instruction of its veteran pro, James K. Thompson.

At one time or another, Mrs. Meckley has held the course record for nearly every course within the environs of Washington. Some of her low scores earned years ago have never been bettered. Her best was a 73 on the tough Indian Springs Course. She has brought in 75's at Congressional and Colombia, 74 on the long 18 (6,216 yards) Kenwood fairways.

SPARE TIME GOLF

The unique Meckley record was piled up not only against the physical handicap of a bad back, but also in spite of difficult economic obstacles, limiting her golf to her spare time from her work as a registered nurse. Mrs. Meckley's husband, Robert Byers Meckley, a General Electric Company attorney in Schenectady, N.Y., died suddenly in 1929, leaving his young widow with little more than a passion for golf, and the need to earn her way for the rest of her life.

Luckily, Betty had learned to be a nurse before her marriage, although she had never worked. She spent her youth near Big Stone Gap in southwest Virginia, riding horses, swimming and playing basketball, came to Washington after high school and graduated as a registered nurse at George Washington Hospital. She learned to play golf after marrying Meckley and moving to Schenectady in 1920, and before her husband's death had already won a number of club and regional titles all over the state.

The constant necessity to make a living has kept Mrs. Meckley out of so-called big-time golf, although she has made opportunities to play most of the courses in the Middle Atlantic

area. During World War II, when she worked steadily at the Episcopal Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital in the capital, her golf was strictly limited to weekends, and not every weekend at that. She has had neither the time nor the money to make the traditional annual tournament swings. Nevertheless, her record and her scores hang up targets some of the nationally famous golfers might envy.

Mrs. Meckley once carried the redoubtable Patty Berg to the 18th hole in the Mason-Dixon finals at White Sulphur before yielding the match by a single stroke. Another time, in a fairly big tournament, she came to the 18th all even and won the crucial hole by cleanly jumping a full stymie laid by her opponent. Fighting for the Middle Atlantic title on the Five Farms Course in Baltimore in 1935, Mrs. Meckley won her first match nine and eight, but had to carry a second to 20 holes, and a third to 21, before winning in the final on the 18th green.

Today, at 55, Mrs. Meckley is still going strong. In September, she took part in the 29th annual championship matches of the U.S. Senior Women's Golf Association, won first place with a Scotch Foursome teammate in the warm-up competition, first place in a putting contest, and tied for second place in a field of 117 in the 36-hole medal-play championship for women over 50. Twice before, in 1948 and again in 1950, she had taken first place in the same tournament in the annual Women's Senior championships.

SHE NEVER GIVES UP

For more than half her lifetime, Mrs. Meckley has lived for little else than golf; and this, as much as anything, is responsible for her success. But even such a passion for the game could not have helped her overcome the difficulties of her rigid back without the remarkable staying power which, to her opponents, is her outstanding attribute. She is known to all who have played her as a woman who never gives up.

The brace on her back has forced other things than a rigidly governed golf swing on her. She has to sleep on the floor or on a wooden board, a habit which on occasion has caused lifted eyebrows among hotel clerks who have not heard of her affliction. But for her life with this handicap, as for her game, she has a single prescription: stick to your efforts to overcome your troubles and you'll get there; or part of the way at least. Either way, says Betty Meckley, you'll find it's worth-while.

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CRAZY LIKE AN EAGLE

by BILL MAULDIN

SI's intrepid airman buys a plane, braves the contempt of the Old Pilots, and profits by some bandy heresies

HAVING begun my flying career less than a year ago, I've already gone and made myself a pariah at the little upstate New York airport where I aviate on sunny weekends and on stormy days sit at the feet of the Old Pilots, soaking up lore about the birdman's art. The trouble started when I bought a secondhand Ercoupe, one of those tiny, twin-tailed, two-place jobs with tri-cycle landing gear which used to be featured in Macy's and other big department stores back in the early postwar period when flying optimists foresaw a family plane in every two-car garage.

I was delighted with my purchase, and so was my wife. The plane had had very little flying time despite its age, and I got it for less than the difference between our 1951 Plymouth and a new model. Of course I thought the Old Pilots would be happy for me too, but almost to a man they were disgusted.

"It's got no rudder controls," snorted Old 6,000 Hours (2,000 hours of it ferrying freighters).

"It's not a real airplane. It'll spoil ya rotten," said 1,500 Hours with an Instrument Rating.

"How ya gonna slip it in cross wind with no rudder?" snarled 3,200 Hours.

"It's crazy, like a car with no steering wheel," said 400 Hours, who last year celebrated the acquisition of his private pilot's license by flying his family to Florida in a thick fog and still brags about it instead of lighting candles to St. Christopher.

But the real attitude of the Old Pilots was best summed up by a taciturn ancient who hasn't even bothered to keep a logbook since 1931.

"Flyin' that contraption is just confessin' that you're old, tired, or scared," he said, in the longest speech I ever heard him utter. "The damn thing is too safe."

Stung, I made the mistake of quoting Wolfgang Langewiesche on the subject of rudderless safety airplanes, and this really clobbered me with my friends, because they don't like to hear fledglings quote flying books, especially Langewiesche's books. This author is



"Look Pop—no rudder pedals"

an Old Pilot of scientific bent and eloquent language, and in a volume called *Stick and Rudder* he has compounded some of the goldarned theories that ever assaulted veterans' ears. Langewiesche starts out by saying that amateur flying—that is, piloting which does not involve instruments and pinpoint navigation in zero-see weather—is not necessarily a High Art requiring the reflexes of an athlete or the eyes of an eagle. He says, in effect, that you can get along just fine as a Sunday pilot in no time at all if you learn the proper theories of flight at the beginning.

HERESY UPON HERESY

The first of these theories is that rudders do not turn airplanes the way rudders turn boats. In fact, rudders cannot turn airplanes at all. Langewiesche then piles heresy upon heresy: the throttle is not the speed control, but the up and down control. The "elevator" is the real speed control and, with the ailerons, is what really turns the airplane, by converting part of the upward lift into sideward thrust in a bank. You do not bank to make a turn comfortable; you bank to turn, and the rudder, in flight, merely prevents yaw and is a secondary control.

Try these notions in the air, and you not only find that they work, but make the amazing discovery that the so-called "art" of smooth, well-coordinated flying is really nothing more than coming to an understanding with your mislabeled controls. No doubt it will always take years of hard work to become a truly fine pilot, but as far as the simple business of controlling the machine is concerned, a little discreet reading of Langewiesche behind your instructor's back will not only convince him that you're an exceptionally talented student who already shows signs of the mystic "touch," but will practically guarantee that if you die violently it will be in a car or in the wrong bedroom, not in an airplane.

Nearly half of all flying deaths in light planes are due to skidding from trying to turn by rudder, then stalling and spinning out of the resulting sloppy maneuver near the ground. The occasional survivors seldom realize that they misused their controls or even that they were in a spin because spins are something you practice way up high, out of a level attitude.

Okay, says Langewiesche, take out the trouble-making rudder control, as the Ercoupe does, and attach the rudder

der to the aileron control, because unless you're going to do acrobatics involving spins, the rudder is to the ailerons in flight as the tail is to the dog. The Wright brothers had the good sense to tie the controls together, and they invented the game. Sometimes an independent rudder is handy for slipping into cross-wind landings, but the Ercoupe has tricycle gear constructed in such a manner that you can land at an angle, crabbing into the wind. It took all my courage to land that Ercoupe cockeyed the first time, because I was brought up to believe that if you touched down any way but straight you could expect to scatter wheels, portions of wingtip, and your own teeth from one end of the runway to the other. But it worked, just like old Wolfe said it would.

The Ercoupe is defunct today, and it's a pity that it died as much from professional hostility as from public apathy. It's a funny thing: golf and tennis pros try to attract customers to their game because they have sense enough to know that without a constant stream of new addicts they won't be able to pay the grocery bill for long. Hobby flying is easier than tennis and in many areas cheaper than golf, yet here is a traditionally air-minded nation in which military aviation is crying for cadets, and private airports are usually starvation enterprises. A large part of the blame lies with characters around the fields who discourage newcomers by feeding them the romantic nonsense that handling an airplane skillfully is a mysterious art necessarily tinged with an aura of danger, and who ferociously resist any make of plane or method of instruction which dispels the hocus-pocus about fair-weather piloting.

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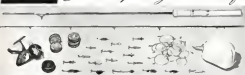
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AXMAN ROOSEVELT. resplendent in wood-cutter's outfit at his Sagamore Hill home in Oyster Bay, N.Y., considered woodchopping a sport rather than a chore.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE OF T.R.

No President ever loved sports more than Theodore Roosevelt, but as the famed editor of Roosevelt's letters points out, he saw athletics not as a way of life but as a vital part of it

by **ELTING E. MORISON**

IN THE year 1903 a son of the President of the United States asked his father whether he should play on the second squad at Groton. The President replied in a long letter which began, simply enough, with some thoughts on the joys and virtues of the manly sport of football. But then he became distracted by something that Pliny had written to the Emperor Trajan about athletics in the first century after the birth of Christ. This led him to think about the commissioned personnel of the British army, and that, naturally enough, put him in mind of his old Army regiment. From there he proceeded to a series of reflections—on Groton School, a horse named Bleistein who crashed through a jump, and the character of Abraham Lincoln. Then he took up the various qualities a good government officer ought to possess, the state of his own tennis game (not so good), and his tendency to preach. He concluded finally that it was indeed a good thing to have a sound mind in a sound body.

The presidential letter suggests some of the difficulties confronting anybody who sets out to make a single statement about who or what Theodore Roosevelt really was. One thing always leads to another. He did so many things; he had so many ideas; he said so much. He can't be trapped and stuffed and mounted in a single attitude.

This is as true of sports as anything else in his life. Among American Presidents, Roosevelt must have been the greatest sportsman. Leastwise, there is little doubt he was the most active

sportsman while in office. The only encompassing description of the restless and energetic Roosevelt's omnivorous appetite for physical exercise was one coined by T.R. himself, "The Strenuous Life." Before and after Roosevelt most Presidents have felt that they have fulfilled the athletic requirements of high office if they caught a small trout, broke a hundred or drew to two pair. For Roosevelt, these didn't amount to a beginning.

As governor of New York, for in-



YOUNG T.R. READY FOR HARVARD BOUT



ROOSEVELT AS FRONTIERSMAN, SNOWSHOE, COWBOY. HE ENJOYED THE COSTUMES ALMOST AS MUCH AS THE SPORTS THEMSELVES

stance, he had a difficulty with the state comptroller who would not make public funds available for the purchase of a wrestling mat. The watchdog of the treasury said he would permit a billiard table, but while it was apparently appropriate for a chief executive to chalk a cue, it was unbecoming in a governor to try an occasional fall with the middleweight champion of America. And a few years later, as President, Roosevelt had another difficulty with a doctor who would not let him box after a presidential eye had been permanent-

ly damaged by a right cross. Thus circumscribed by higher authority, he turned to the daily practice of jiu jitsu. Wrestling, boxing, jiu jitsu were, however, only secondary athletic interests of Theodore Roosevelt. At one time or another, he rode to hounds, engaged in single stick (a form of fencing) and harpooned fish. He could hit an ibis stork or a duck on the wing, play polo and hold the stern paddle in white water. He could hit a ball on the backhand, handle a rope from the saddle, kill a charging bull elephant at 40 yards, jump a horse five feet and, no doubt, build a fire without matches.

The list could be extended, but to no real purpose. It need only be said that in whatever place Theodore Roosevelt found himself, he entered with immense good pleasure into the sporting opportunities offered by local custom and terrain. Sometimes, indeed, he improved on or, according to one's taste, outraged local custom. Through a deep ravine in the city of Washington there runs lovely Rock Creek. Often in late fall or early spring it delighted the President to end a long tramp by swimming naked through the creek's freezing waters. Once, he loved to recall, he and the French ambassador had thus concluded a walk through the ravine, although the ambassador kept his gloves on because, as he explained, "we might meet ladies."

AFRICAN GUNMAN

As adaptive as the President was to existing conditions, he always had his favorite forms of sport. The greatest was hunting. He shot and killed all kinds of game in this country, in England,

in Europe, in South America and, of course, in Africa. The African bag was 296. In all there were 70 different kinds of game represented—from the lion to the python, from Coke's Hartheests to the Lesser Bustard.

RHEUMATICS DON'T VAULT

Some part of the joy he had in the hunt he has himself described well in his book on Africa. One day he and his native bearer and an English lady became separated from their party during a lion hunt. Simba, the bearer, and Roosevelt, who had dismounted from his horse, Tranquillity, faced the animal on the ground. "Now," he says, "an elderly man with a varied past which includes rheumatism does not vault lightly into the saddle, as his sons, for instance, can; and I had already made up my mind that in the event of the lion's charging it would be wise for me to trust to straight powder rather than try to scramble into the saddle and get under way in time. The arrival of my two companions settled matters. I was not sure of the speed of Lady Pease's horse; and Simba was on foot and it was, of course, out of the question for me to leave him. So I said, 'Good, Simba, now we'll see this thing through,' and gentlemanly Simba smiled a shy appreciation of my tone, though he could not understand the words.

"I was still unable to see the lion when I knelt, but he was now standing up, looking first at one group of horses and then at the other, his tail lashing to and fro, his head held low and his lips dropped over his mouth in peculiar fashion, while his harsh and savage

continued on next page



OLOER T.R. WITH SINGSING WATERBUCK



LOOKING LIKE TENDERFOOT, ROOSEVELT GUARDS GOAT THIEVES HE HELPED CAPTURE

T. R. continued from page 22

growling rolled thunderously over the plain. Seeing Simba and me on foot, he turned toward us, his tail lashing quicker and quicker. Resting my elbow on Simba's bent shoulder, I took steady aim and pressed the trigger; the bullet went in between the neck and shoulder, and the lion fell over on his side, one foreleg in the air. He recovered in a moment and stood up, evidently very sick and once more faced me, growling hoarsely. I think he was on the eve of charging. I fired again at once, and this bullet broke his back just behind the shoulders; and with the next I killed him outright, after we had gathered around him."

This is, in a way, a rather slight situation—one of nine lions killed by Theodore Roosevelt on this African trip. But there is in this episode picked at random from a score of similar descriptions something of the meaning of the hunt to Theodore Roosevelt. Here is the skillful organization of a crowded moment; the fully mobilized powers of a very acute observer; the great, unspoken excitement of the tight situation. Such situations—when things could be seen really to hang in the balance—whether on battleground, convention floor, or hunting field called all the elements in Theodore Roosevelt most brilliantly to life.

It was not all lions and wilde-beests, however. Once in his youth he set out in pursuit of three horse thieves who had stolen one of his boats in their getaway from his land. This was in the early spring of 1886, but before he

could set out, a great blizzard roared in over the Dakota Bad Lands. "All snowed up," Roosevelt stayed in his ranch house writing another chapter of his biography of Thomas Hart Benton and, in between times, building a new boat with the help of two of his men. The idea was that when the snow stopped, Roosevelt and his two ranch

hands would pursue the thieves down river.

By the end of March they set out on the "very rough work." A day or two out the party ran out of food and had "an awful time in the river, as there were ice gorges, the cold being intense." But in the end they reached the enemy encampment on a bank of the river. They crept noiselessly up to within a few yards of the thieves, who sat unaware on the ground, and then challenged them. In short order they took away their rifles and captured them "in fine style." The chase turned out the easy part. On the return trip the boats got stuck in an ice jam, delaying the whole party for several days. After this, Roosevelt sent his two men along by boat while he took the three thieves to the sheriff in a wagon borrowed from a ranch. For two days he had them alone. At night they all camped in the open—Roosevelt with a cocked rifle in his right hand. In his left was a book from which he read throughout the night. He had considered taking the works of Matthew Arnold, but had finally decided on Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*. He read through the thousand-page work with "very great interest" before he found the sheriff. Roosevelt finished his great ordeal "done out" with lack of sleep and the strain of watchfulness, but convinced that Tolstoy was a great writer.

SCIENCE IN THE BAG

Roosevelt was obviously proud to bring back a big bag of game. He was excited by plunges into the wilderness and dangerous trips down uncharted, doubtful rivers. But these things were not all of it; they were not even perhaps the greatest part of it. Reflecting one time on the huge toll of animals, reptiles and birds he had killed in Africa, he concluded that "the mere size of the bag indicates little as to a man's prowess as a hunter and almost nothing as to the interest or value of his achievement." For him much of the interest and all of the value of his long hunt in Africa were to be found in the scientific results. Over 164 mammals, large and small, were observed and carefully described in the course of the trip. Probably no previous exploration had produced so comprehensive and reliable a study of African natural history.

Then there were other things to be derived from the hunt. Not number killed, nor number studied, nor memories persisting after years of a lion's charge, a buffalo "sullen . . . under his helmet of horn," nor the rhinoceros

continued on page 45



HORSEMAN ROOSEVELT LIKED JUMPERS

THE GOLDEN BATHTUB FLIPS



Rounding a sharp turn during a race for tiny Class G and H sports cars at Thompson, Conn., Driver David Findlay's brakes locked. His modified Crosley, nicknamed "The Golden Bathtub," caromed off a sand embankment, flipped back onto the track, finally stopped upside down (next page). Findlay stuck with his rolling car while his competitors were flagged down





Righted by the other drivers, The Golden Bath-tub is pushed off the track. Findlay emerged from the spill shaken but unhurt. His plastic-bodied car suffered only minor damage. Officials ordered the race to be rerun from scratch; the winner was Henry Rudkin Jr. in a Bandini



"traculent and stupid, in the bright sunlight on the empty plains." These things, he said, could be told. But there were not words for the "hidden spirit of the wilderness—its mystery, its melancholy, its charm." There were not words for "the awful glory of sunrise and sunset in the wide waste spaces of the earth, unworn of man."

PHILOSOPHY OF SPORT

For all its unpredictability, there was a philosophy in Roosevelt's love of sport. In its briefest form, he stated it once to some Harvard undergraduates: First, he said, "It is of far more importance that a man should play something himself, even if he plays it badly, than that he should go with hundreds of companions to see someone else play well"; and second, "I trust I need not add that in defending athletics I would not for one moment be understood as excusing that perversion of athletics that would make it the end of life instead of merely a means in life. . . ."

This last was the great point for Roosevelt. He had little use for the pure sportsman—the man, not a professional athlete, who devoted himself exclusively to the life of sport. For this figure—more frequently found in the '90s than now—he reserved his greatest irritation. Equally, however, he had severe words for those who devoted themselves exclusively to industry or commerce. Indeed, he once said that prize fighting was not half so brutalizing or demoralizing as many forms of big business and of legal work carried on in connection with big business.

What irritated him was taking one small section of existence—law, business, politics, or athletics—and calling it life. Each was useful only in so far as you worked in it until you were competent and then worked to establish connections between it and all other parts of life.

Roosevelt used to love to point out he was not a gifted athlete. He was not a natural shot nor a born horseman. Neither boxing nor wrestling came readily to him. He got started in the sports at 14 and only after his father had sent him to Maine to get over asthma. He was not particularly frail at the time, as legend has it, but he believed his father's advice that if he were to accomplish much in life he had to have a strong body. By hard work and numerous lessons he became a fairly accomplished wrestler and boxer, but even at Harvard he never won a championship. And it was the same on the court, the playing



TRAVELER ROOSEVELT RETAINED PRECARIOUS PERCH ON EGYPTIAN DROMEDARY IN 1899

field and hunting ground.

In all his sports, whether he was having the time of his life hitting a ball or winging a grouse, Roosevelt always reached out to relate them to natural history, to the state of nations and to his own philosophy. And so when he hunted thieves he brought along Tolstoy, and when he wrote his son about the second squad at Groton, at just about the time he and President

Elliot were engaged in their altercation over the state of Harvard football, his mind naturally ran on to the Emperor Trajan, British officers, and government service. At other times a concern for our diplomatic relations with Venezuela would just as naturally make him think of the Olympic games or his excellent friend Robert Fitzsimmons. They were all parts of life and he loved them all.



CANDIDATE ROOSEVELT LOST GAG PHOTO SEAT ON BULL MOOSE IN 1912 ELECTION DEFEAT



A CAST IN THE DARK

November nights are the nights of the true striped-bass fishermen. A prize may lurk 50 yards out and in the roaring dark each blind cast carries a prayer

MORE plugs, jigs, squids and eels are hurled into the sea for striped bass than for all other fish of the surf. Most of this is done in summertime under a tanning sun. But the really good striper fishing comes in the East after summer vacations are over and reaches a peak in November. It is then that the pros walk the deserted beaches in bitter weather, casting the night tides for reasons beyond the ken of most casual summer folk, lured by the soaring waves and the big fish feeding in them.

Fishing in the dark is a truly emotional experience. In the cold, black loneliness the fisherman enters an intensely personal world in which he uses senses fully developed only by the blind. He listens with agonizing care over the sound of the surf for the tail-slap of a feeding bass. The powerful sea currents tug at his line and tell him what his eyes cannot see of the area he fishes. His numbed fingers are miraculously alive to the nuances of the retrieve. The discomfort of November in nighttime is kept at bay by an imagination fired with the knowledge that this is the great fore-gathering time of stripers before they move south. And so the bulletlike casts continue with the methodical precision of a long-mastered craft. Short casts, long casts, traversing casts—the next one will surely do it.



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GOLF

GREAT SCOT

Findlay Douglas spans almost a century
of golf, from Old Tom to Byron Nelson



FINDLAY DOUGLAS

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

A WEEK or so ago, just before the formal festivities at the Jones anniversary got underway at Winged Foot, a straight-backed man in an out-sized mackintosh and with his felt hat resting low atop his ears strode onto the 18th green and walked over to the guest of honor. Bob Jones had a special greeting for him: he broke into a full chorus of *Just a Wee Doon-an-Dorris*. Jones doesn't always greet his old friend Findlay Douglas with a once-through-lightly of the old Scottish song, but the temptation is strong. The sight of Douglas always recalls to Jones Pebble Beach in 1929 where, after being knocked out of the Amateur in the very first round by Johnny Goodman, Bob gradually acclimated himself to the unaccustomed role of a spectator and ended this most unusual week dancing a Douglas-taught version of the Highland fling at the post-tournament party and singing a duet with Douglas of *Just a Wee Doon-an-Dorris*.

A HEAP OF GOLF

Besides, the song is just right for Mr. Douglas. There was a time when the Scottish influence on American golf was so strong that almost every pro in the country was named Willie, and the prestige of laying your hands on a club forged by Stewart or Nicoll was reason enough for booking passage to Europe on the Comorants. It was a spirited and inspiring thing, the old Scottish influence, but over the years it has been vanishing slowly but surely, and today Findlay Douglas stands almost alone as the last of the Scots who poured into this country just before the turn of the century and became dominant figures in our golf. Mr. Douglas, who will be 80 this month, spans a heap of golf. He is perhaps the only person who has played both with Old Tom Morris (who won the rudimentary British Open the year Lincoln became president) and with such completely modern pros as Byron Nelson. He played with Old Tom—"a verra nice sort o' gowfer"—as a boy

growing up in St. Andrews, his home town. He played with Byron about a dozen years ago when they were drawn as partners in a pro-amateur tournament at the Seminole club. "When I was introduced to Nailson," Mr. Findlay was telling some friends recently, "I could see perfectly by his expression that he was thinkin', 'Now what have I done to draw an auld fella like this one.' Well, we won that tournament. Nailson was 70 on his own ball and I helped him six shots, usin' ma strokes, o' course. A verra nice sort o' gowfer, Byron Nailson."

Mr. Douglas came to the States in the fall of 1897 to escape from entering the ministry, the profession his father had picked for him. Before sailing, he wrote to an older brother, who had emigrated to St. Louis, asking if he should bring his clubs along. His brother counseled yes—there were golf courses in America but just where he didn't know. Soon after his arrival in New York, Douglas walked into the old A. G. Spalding store on Nassau Street to inquire where around the city a fellow could play some golf. In the course of the conversation, Douglas had occasion to state that he was a former captain of the St. Andrews University golf team, and Spalding's dispatched their sales manager, Tom Bendelow, to take him out to the Van Cortlandt Park course. "I think they were curious to see if I was any guid or just talkin' a fancy game," Douglas believes. In any event, Bendelow and Spalding's were impressed enough with what they saw to arrange for their young "discovery" to be invited to the leading amateur tourneys the next spring. The following September Douglas won our National Amateur Championship at the Morris County Club. The course had been lengthened to 5,960 yards for the event, but it was still a short course and gave Douglas, the longest hitter in the field, some bizarre headaches. Several times he drove into the traps before the green on par-4 holes.

After this sterling debut, Douglas

was expected to enjoy a long reign as champion but he never won again, due partly to the rise of Walter Travis and partly to the advent of the rubber-cored ball. "Wi' the gutty I could outdrive Travis by thirty yards," Douglas remembers. "Wi' the rubber-cored ball, he could outdrive me by thirty. I had grown up, y'see, with a gutty swing—you sweep the ball away. I never learned to punch the ball with the new swing."

STILL A PLAYER

Douglas entered the building-materials business in New York and, after his competitive career in golf was over, served as president of the Metropolitan Golf Association, the U.S. Seniors and the U.S.G.A. As the years moved on, Douglas could have easily become the grand old man of American golf but he is not the grand-old-man type. He is a player. He scored his first hole-in-one at 74—"a three-wood wi' a little draw into the wind." He recently won Blind Brook's annual hole-in-one tournament by coddling a half-shot with a three-iron four feet from the cup. At the Jones anniversary, invited to try his skill after Armour, Wood, Sarazen, Farrrell and Harmon had missed the famous 14-footer, Findlay Douglas came verra, verra close to holing his two tries. "Calamity Jean is lighter than ma Braid-Mills putter," he was saying with a rueful wink the other day. "I should ha' been fairmer wi' ma stroke. But, y'know, I rally thought I had that second putt."



IN 1925 DOUGLAS WAS AT HIS PEAK



"Careful, Don't Waste a Drop"

By Dove Altbury

The Indian guide we had engaged for our hunting trip proved to be thoroughly competent—and completely non-talkative. Throughout the first day about all he said was "yes" or "no" in answer to a question, and we had begun to wonder how much English he really knew. That evening, while he was cooking supper, we opened a bottle of Old Smuggler. We were just about to taste our drinks when a wild rabbit ran practically between our legs. Naturally, we jumped. But we were even more startled when we heard the voice of our guide say, in clearly enunciated syllables, "Careful, don't waste a drop—that is Old Smuggler."

Careful, don't waste a drop...

that's **Old Smuggler**

SCOTCH
with a HISTORY

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
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RING BREAKS LOOSE FOR SCORE, RACING AT TOP SPEED WHILE "TIPPING" BALL ON HURLEY STICK. GAME'S MOST DIFFICULT FEAT

CHRISTY RING OF CORK

NICHOLAS CHRISTOPHER MICHAEL RING is a balding, 33-year-old Irishman with a broad back, strong legs and hands that could choke a bear. He is also the greatest practicing exponent of the ancient Irish game of hurling and, according to some, the greatest ever.

New York City's *Irish Echo* wrote, "If to do one thing supremely well is the hallmark of genius, then Christy Ring of Cork is one of the great geniuses of our time."

What Ring does so well is play a

game that at first glance looks like field hockey, but which resembles field hockey about as much as a Mercedes-Benz resembles a Baker Electric. Hurling is more like lacrosse played with ax handles or ice hockey with the puck continually in mid-air. It incorporates chip shots off the turf and fungo fly balls, but chip shots and fungos hit left-handed, right-handed or cross-handed on the dead run or in a crowd of fellow bat swingers. It is a game of bruising body contact, constant running and

perfect eye-and-hand coordination.

Christy Ring is by far the best of an exceptional group of fine athletes because he possesses to an extraordinary degree the physical attributes of a great athlete, plus a competitive urge that, after 16 years of championship play, makes him leap in the air in glee when his team scores.

Last week Ring's team, County Cork, and the Gaelic football champions, County Mayo, were in New York to play teams of Irish-American



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GENE DYLL

Last Sunday, hurling's greatest star showed New Yorkers why he is proudly called the Babe Ruth of Ireland

all-stars. The New York footballers scored a stirring 10-9 win over Mayo, but the American hurlers never had a chance. Cork won 29-19, as Ring demonstrated his genius to the full satisfaction of 30,000 Irish-Americans in the Polo Grounds, which, praise be, nestles under Coogan's Bluff. He scored eight points, set up other scores and was clearly the best man on the field. After it was over, a middle-aged Irishman said softly, "By God, he's a great man is that Christy Ring."

IN HEAT OF ACTION, RING'S TECHNIQUE APPROACHES A NEAR-PERFECT GOLF SWING



GAME OF THE WEEK:

**CINCINNATI 13
COLLEGE OF PACIFIC 7**

by HERMAN HICKMAN



U.C. ALSO SCORED IN MAJORETTE DIFT.

CINCINNATI

THE University of Cincinnati 13, with the Oklahoma Sooners, enjoying the longest winning streak of any major college team; 15 games. The opposition for the U.C. Bearcats may not be as tough as it is for the Sooners, but Cincinnati is a driving team of cold efficiency which a year ago led the nation in both offense and defense.

The Bearcats are coached by Sid Gillman, who, after a year as my successor as line coach at West Point, has won 48 games at Cincinnati while losing but 11. His squads are now so respected that the problem is no longer how to win the games. It is how to sign up suitable opponents. Last week, on the way to the seventh victory of the season, Gillman and his boys found a most suitable opponent: the rebounding College of the Pacific Tigers, who lost their first three games, then won the next three against formidable rivals. Watching the game, somehow you always had the feeling that the Tigers' efforts were futile even though Cincinnati did not play its best.

The West Coast eleven, which relies strongly on the passing of Quarterback Billy Jacobs, was handicapped when

Jacobs came up for this game with a fractured right thumb. Jacobs nonetheless worked on some beautifully conceived pass patterns, thrown, for the most part, with a halfback set wide as flanker to either side. His favorite target was End A. D. Williams, who averted a C.O.P. shutout with a touchdown catch with just 29 seconds left to play.

Cincinnati played a sound, strong and conservative game. Lucky not to be trailing at halftime, when Jacobs barely overthrew Don Cornell in the flat in the last seconds of the second period, the Bearcats scored both touchdowns in the last half. The first drive went 56 yards in 14 plays. Quarterback Mike Murphy slashed his able backs, Dick Golst, Joe Miller and Jim Niemann "down the gut" and slanted them off tackle through C.O.P.'s tightly packed and stubborn mixture of 7-2-2 and 5-4-2 defenses. Murphy then snaked over from the two for the score, Ferd Macchioli converted and the Bearcats led 7-0. Murphy set up the next score too, with a pass interception on his 27. This drive had more imagination but the same result: 14 plays for a TD. Niemann was the main work horse in the sequence, watching one Murphy pass for 17 yards, going off-tackle nicely and finally carrying it over from the three on a straight-ahead quick opener. The last period was only five minutes old, but the outcome of the game was settled and neither the score nor statistics represent U.C.'s true strength.

But enough about the "artistic." I'm an old lineman and love to watch the men in the "fighting rows." Gillman's offensive line techniques are beautiful to behold. He has a stocky, senior 200-pound guard named Jack Campbell who does just about everything a guard should. My crystal ball tells me there is also lots of future for Jim Niaby, a C.O.P. sophomore tackle. After the game Gillman moaned over the strain of keeping a winning streak intact. Solid burghers of Cincinnati filled the air over Nippert Stadium with cries of "Gator Bowl!" I believe these fans would fill the Gator Bowl if the Bearcats were invited, but there are still three games to go. I'm going with Cincinnati.



CINCINNATI QUARTERBACK Mike Murphy follows well-pressed linemen for two-yard sneak and first score. U.C. won on sound football, skipped fumble-fiddle.

**Next Week:
GEORGIA VS. FLORIDA
SLIPPERY ROCK VS.
CLARION STATE**



ARMY: 21
VIRGINIA: 20

The Cadets, losing possession on five fumbles—including this one in the Virginia end zone—had no breather.



NOTRE DAME: 8
NAVY: 0

A Navy fumble, this one on the Irish one-foot line, halted Middle threat when Guglielmi (right) recovered.

SQUEAKS AND UPSETS OF THE WEEK



PITT: 13
WEST VA.: 10

Panthers' Conny Salvatierra (35) fired two TD passes, also did some running, to upset the unbeaten West Virginians.



XAVIER: 19
BOSTON C.: 14

Xavier's Don St. John bulls over in the slot to halt his team's 12-game winless streak, hand B.C. first loss.

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES for Games of Saturday, Nov. 6

• **Yale vs. Army.** The Ells are big, strong and fast. The Cadets are bigger, stronger and faster. **ARMY.**

• **Florida vs. Georgia.** The Bulldogs have surprised everyone by remaining undefeated in SEC play. The Gators sport a 4-1 conference record. A Sugar Bowl bid could hinge on the outcome. Sweets for the sweeter . . . **FLORIDA.**

• **Arkansas vs. Rice.** Amazing Arkansas still remains undefeated. The Owls are no fly-by-night outfit. An upset . . . **RICE.**

• **Navy vs. Duke.** General Mud and Notre Dame beat Navy last Saturday in the Battle of Baltimore. The Blue Devils came back from an 0-20 deficit to defeat Georgia Tech. Still coming . . . **DUKE.**

• **Ohio State vs. Pittsburgh.** Tom Hamilton, the pro-tem Panther coach, is unbeaten in his three-game tenure. The Buckeyes are unbeaten all the way, and still will be after the Pittsburgh game. **OHIO STATE.**

• **Michigan vs. Illinois.** The Indiana Hoosiers with Helinski stunned the Wolverines last Saturday. The Illini are still in a coma. **MICHIGAN.**

• **U.C.L.A. vs. Oregon.** The point-a-minute Uclans started rolling early and their momentum has not decreased. Oregon is no road block . . . **U.C.L.A.**

• **North Carolina vs. South Carolina.** The Tarheels are improving. The Gamecocks have had their ups and downs. The Governor of South Carolina said to the Governor of North Carolina: Suh, I give you . . . **SOUTH CAROLINA.**

• **Missouri vs. Colorado.** Old Mizsou and the boys from Boulder both suffered honorable defeats last week from Nebraska and Oklahoma. Eyes are still

turned south toward the Orange Bowl. Evenly matched, but . . . **MISSOURI.**

• **Auburn vs. Miami (Fla.).** Auburn has been a bit disappointing so far. The Hurricane shows no signs of blowing itself out. So . . . **MIAMI.**

ALSO

Georgia Tech over Tennessee
Oklahoma over Iowa State
Maryland over N. C. State
Michigan State over Washington State
Minnesota over Oregon State
Notre Dame over Pennsylvania
Southern Cal. over Stanford
S.M.U. over Texas A. & M.
West Virginia over Fordham
California over Washington
Wisconsin over Northwestern
Princeton over Harvard
William and Mary over V.M.I.
Wyoming over Utah State
Kentucky over Vanderbilt

Last week's hunches:
17 right, 5 wrong, 3 ties
Record to date: 109-42-7



FACE DOWN ON A WOODLAND TRAIL LIES ONE HUNTER'S "GEER"—THE MOTHER OF THREE, WITH A BULLET THROUGH HER HEAD

WOODS DETECTIVE

Maynard Marsh has investigated some 250 hunting accidents in Maine. His surprising discovery: the veteran hunter is the greatest menace in the woods

by LEW DIETZ

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD STONE

Portland, Me., Oct. 24—The Chase Lake Sportsman's Club is holding its seasonal contest. For \$30 a hunter may register to win a prize for the biggest buck or doe shot this fall. Half the contest's net proceeds will be donated to the families of hunters killed in Maine this year.

ACHILLY November dusk was closing in when Maynard Marsh, special investigator for Maine's Department of Inland Fish & Game, drove his cancracked sedan into the yard of his home in Gorham. Dog-tired, he climbed the steps and pushed into the warm kitchen. His wife handed him the phone.

"The chief warden's office," she told him. "It's another one."

Marsh, a slender, bespectacled man with the aspect of a youthful Yankee schoolmaster, knew exactly what she meant by "another one." His job was

investigating hunting accidents. Into the phone he said, "Where to now, Chief? A fatal?"

"I'm afraid so," the chief warden said. "Had any sleep?"

"I had my boots off for two hours last night at Jackman. Haven't had my pants off in three days."



These three particular days had started on a Thursday. During a Maine gunning season something like 165,000 hunters take to the woods. Of this number, a normal season's accidents will run to 70 dead and wounded. Marsh's casualty report this Saturday evening could be succinctly stated as: three Mistaken Identities; two Line of Fires; two Accidental Discharges. Score—five dead, two wounded. Before the Inspector got to take his shoes off Sunday, his dark itinerary included Benton, where a youngster had fatally shot a man collecting firewood near his camp; Wilton, where a hunter had managed to shoot himself while removing a loaded gun from his car; Parlin Pond, where a Norwegian carpenter had mistaken another Norwegian carpenter for a deer and sent a rifle bullet drilling through his abdomen; the

town of Alfred, where a hunter had seen, too late, that his "deer" was a Greek restaurant owner stooping over to pat his beagle; Acton, where a father on a late-afternoon stand shot his son who was hurrying along to meet him on a woods road. And nice shooting that last one was: a direct hit through the neck.

Fatals usually are good shooting. For example, there was the Parlin Pond case. Marsh got that call at Skowhegan as he was about to try for a cat nap. When he arrived at Little Joe's sporting camp in the late afternoon the county sheriff and the local warden were waiting for him. "We're holding a pair from the Bronx," the sheriff told him. "They're so broke up I can't get much out of them."

Marsh's interrogation produced the following account: They had seen game in a certain section west of the camp. Following sound hunting procedure, one man set himself to patrol an east-west trail where a north-south trail ran into it. The second hunter worked quietly out the north-south trail. The third cut off the trail into the woods, thinking he might jump a deer and drive it across one trail or the other where his friends were stationed.

Ten minutes later the hunter in the woods heard the crack of a rifle. Returning to the trail, he found one friend mortally wounded, the other horror-stricken. The hunter at the junction of the two trails had seen a "deer" 50 yards down the north-south trail. He had shot deliberately. The bullet, striking a pocket watch, had driven the pieces deep into his friend's vitals.

A "SIMPLE" CASE

You could call this a simple case. Marsh had his man. A charge of negligent shooting would be lodged and the law would take over. Marsh, however, had his private procedure to follow.

First he noted the serial numbers of the rifles. Then, as a matter of routine, he took the two principals to the scene the next morning where they re-enacted the tragedy. Marsh took compass bearings; he sketched diagrams. He took careful measurements, marking down the distance from the muzzle of the shooter's gun to the victim's position. He made notes on the type of cover. He got an exact description of the kind and color of the clothing worn by the victim. From the principals he learned the time of the shooting and the degree of visibility. Also, as a matter of routine, Marsh recovered the bullet from the body of the dead man;

this in the event that the hunter might decide to change his plea in court.

Marsh carried a number of other pertinent facts away from the scene which were oddly significant when compared with those of other case histories. This Bronx carpenter had had more than five years' hunting experience. He knew the woods and he understood



firearms. He was mature and apparently a man of sound judgment. He seemed, in short, like a man who might be termed by most standards a "safe" hunter.

It might well be considered an exceptional accident. But Marsh, a bear with figures and with some 15 years of records to back him up, can prove that it was not. He has personally investigated roughly 250 woods accidents in his 10 years in the warden service. This case was no oddity. This man, says Marsh, is the typical woods killer.

Naturally not all of Marsh's accidents are quite so simple. In many cases all he has to start with is a victim, stone cold with a bullet through him. This is all he had some time back when he was still just a district warden. It was this case that first gave him something of a reputation as a shrewd investigator.

It was a Thanksgiving Day tragedy. Marsh was just finishing up his turkey dinner with his wife and two young boys when a call came. It was the York County sheriff: "Maynard, a woman's been killed in the woods near Hollis. Can you meet me there? I may need some help."

Arriving at the scene, Marsh found the sheriff and the medical examiner waiting for him. There on a forest road lay the body of a woman, mother of three, with a bullet through her head. The M.E. pronounced her dead by accidental shooting, person unknown. His job was done.

Maynard Marsh's job had just started. The accident had drawn in the

hunters working the area. Interviewing each separately, cross-checking their stories, Marsh made a diagram, placing them all at the time of the shooting. He came up with two prime suspects, a man named Smith and a mill worker named Michaud (both names have been changed to protect the innocent party). Each stoutly denied responsibility for the killing, although they both admitted they had fired at game that morning. Marsh, a disarmingly mild and deliberate man, appeared to accept these disavowals. He spoke casually about ballistics evidence, suggesting that it was easy to assign responsibility by test-firing rifles and matching the bullets with the one recovered from the victim's body.

Quite deliberately he neglected to disclose that he didn't have the bullet from the victim's body and that the chances were it would never be recovered. Still casual, Marsh went about the routine of taking serial numbers of all the rifles he could lay his hands on. He got the break he was waiting for. When he came again to Michaud, it seemed the mill worker had mislaid his rifle in the excitement.

Smith took Marsh aside. "Warden," he said, "that fellow may have mislaid his rifle, but I think he knows where to find it. I saw him shove it into a brush pile down the trail."

INSTEAD OF PROOF

The rifle was found, but Michaud still insisted on his innocence. Marsh was certain he had his man. Proof, without that bullet, was another thing.

He allowed Michaud to go home, taking pains to brief him once more on scientific detection methods. Twice that night, Marsh and the sheriff went to Michaud's home and took statements. They went back again the next morning. Each time Michaud made a few changes. Just to keep the pressure on, Marsh drove slowly by the house several times that afternoon. It was two days before Michaud broke. But he broke. He had mistaken the woman for a deer. What he hadn't been able to erase from his mind was the picture of her sprawled there by a stump, a cigaret still burning in her dead hand.

Here again was a seasoned hunter and a family man of good reputation.

Obviously, the most damning single piece of evidence in a woods killing is the bullet. Often this clinching piece of evidence is missing, and Marsh is hard put to make his charges stick. In spots like this, he digs deeper in science's bag of tricks. Time and again he has gone along with no more than a bit

continued on next page

of recovered lead or cartridge case picked up at the scene.

What most hunters don't know is that it takes just the merest fragment of lead for presumptive evidence of guilt on the part of the shooter. A batch of bullets of given caliber and make has theoretically the same composition of lead and traces of other metals, but there is actually just enough of a variance for a positive identification by spectroscopic analysis and comparison of a bullet fragment and an unfired cartridge from the same batch.

It was along about this time that Marsh, a reflective man, began pondering his figures again. Just why was it that the majority of woods accidents—most particularly the cases of mistaken identity—were caused by seasoned hunters? There could be no distortion in his breakdowns. He wondered whether it would be possible to isolate a certain type of person more prone to accidents than another. Reading the minutes of a hunting-safety clinic in Michigan gave Marsh an idea. At this meeting someone had suggested a psychiatric test as a prerequisite for a hunting license. Nothing has been done about this suggestion in Michigan, but Marsh decided to do something about it in Maine. He considered a psychiatric test for license applicants unrealistic; but if those shooters convicted in woods killings could be studied, it might lead to an explanation.

It did. In every case examined, the subject emerged as a man of average or above-average intelligence. The only significant deviation charted was in the matter of these hunters' reactions to visual-perception tests. To the ink-

obvious to Marsh that most of the checks and controls so clamorously advocated by the public to reduce woods accidents were designed to protect the hunter from the wrong fellow.

A number of other statistical pieces dovetailed into the picture. Why was it that in 219 cases of mistaken identity, 95% of the shooters were familiar



with the firearms they were using; 89% were familiar with the country in which they were hunting; 85% had shot deer before and were familiar with deer hunting conditions?

Marsh was convinced that all these facts had a definite correlation. What makes a good hunter is quick visual perception. And, unlike the greenhorn who must think his way through a new situation, the seasoned hunter has developed, through years of practice, a fine set of conditioned reflexes. Such gunners think they are being deliberate but, gauged by normal standards, they hear, see, and fire with deadly speed and accuracy.

Add to this, says Marsh, the fact that almost three-quarters of Maine's woods accidents occur in areas of light hunter density, and the picture sharpens. Hunting in territory where the hunters are thick, a motion or a sound in the brush is most apt to flash "man" into the mind of the shooter. But in country where the hunter feels he's alone, such signs say "deer."

Questioning a confessed killer in the woods one day, Marsh asked: "You've hunted for twenty years, you've seen hundreds of deer in the woods. How do you explain this accident?"

The distraught hunter blurted: "I can't explain it. I saw that deer. We had just jumped three deer and I figured they'd head for the bog. We went in after them—and there was that buck..."

And there Marsh knew he had tacked down a most significant factor. In so many instances the shooter was *psychologically prepared* to see deer. In most cases this seasoned hunter, firing almost automatically, gets his deer. But in enough cases to constitute a real problem he gets his fellow hunter.

In this new light, Marsh was con-

vinced there was only one answer to the question of what must be done—red clothing and more of it.

Marsh believes that everything possible should be done in the way of youth educational programs and he considers it no more than common sense that the mental defective should be denied a hunting license, and that the boy under 16 should wait for one. But he is also convinced that the death toll taken by the "seasoned" hunter won't be appreciably reduced until the wearing of red is made mandatory in every state. And by red he means a good solid expanse of the new fluorescent red (see pages 57-59).

Asked if he didn't feel a bit uneasy about letting his wife and young sons go into the woods in the fall, Maynard Marsh grinned wryly. "What makes you think it is safe in the house?"

The question was asked for a reason. Not long before, his wife, making up the beds, had been narrowly missed by a bullet that came crashing through the window. Marsh dug the bullet



out of the haseboard and identified it as a .35 Winchester, rather rare. In fact, he thought he owned one of the very few such rifles in the region. Investigating, he came upon a local dealer who carried that caliber ammunition. "I've had one box around for years," the dealer said, "but never could get rid of it." He reached over for the box and found it missing.

"This," Marsh said, "was a case of an *unperceived* hunter." A young boy had been into the store the day before asking about .35 Winchester cartridges. He just wanted to be sure he could get ammunition for the rifle he was thinking of picking up. It suddenly occurred to Marsh that he might step home and check his own gun rack.

"Sure enough," he said, "my .35 Winchester was gone." Once again, Marsh set out to get his man.



blot personality test, for example, the subject almost invariably reacted more quickly than the average. Even more significant was the fact that in each case the subject considered his reaction deliberate.

In the light of this evidence it was

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEN

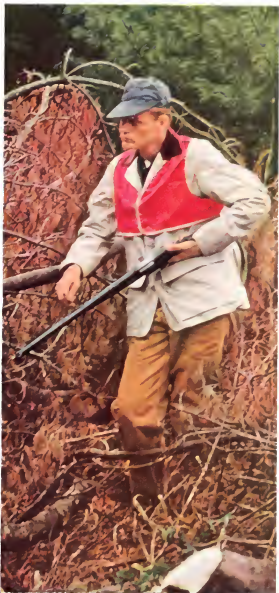
SPORTING LOOK

WOODLAND STOPLIGHT

The best investment that a hunter can make is a vest that costs \$1.50

OF EVERY 30,000 hunters who enter the woods this fall, five will come out on stretchers. Some will have shot themselves accidentally, but most will be the victims of rifle-happy Nimrods who for a tragic split second thought that a man was a deer. Such accidents are not confined to the deer season. Most hunting casualties in Pennsylvania, for example, occur in midsummer during the woodchuck season. The back of a man's head looks very much like a woodchuck at a distance. In the light of such facts, every hunter ought to revise his thinking about protective coloration. The old stand-by of the deer hunter, red, is not the friendly color its reputation would have it be. Red looks gray at a distance or to the side of one's line of vision. But the day-glowing, fluorescent red developed by Joe and Bob Switzer of Cleveland for the Army Signal Corps shines from a distance like nothing in nature. For the huntsman in open season it provides a stoplight for his fellows which should make accidents of mistaken identity almost impossible.

BIRD HUNTING CLOTHES are often worn during deer season, especially in the South when dove and deer seasons overlap. Fluorescent red vest flashes "man," not "deer" to hunters within shooting range.



GREEN SHIRT is often worn by dis-
hard hunters who think bright colors
alarm animals. But animals see only
shades of gray and it is movement which
they see first. Any man who blends as
well with his surroundings as Reginald
Wescoat does here in the woods near
Freeport, Maine is coasting suicide.



RED FELT HAT is a step in the right
direction but by itself is not protection
enough in grown-over country. Experi-
enced woodsmen even carry red hand-
kerchiefs and gloves, for white could
mean "deer" to a hunter who has pre-
pared himself psychologically to see a
deer and who reacts before he thinks.





RED PLAID OUTFIT, popular with dove hunters everywhere, is actually poor protection in any but the best conditions of bright light and open cover. Fluorescent red is four times more visible than ordinary red and does not look gray at extreme distances. One man in red was shot for a fox.



FLUORESCENT RED VEST shines brightly in early morning, late evening, or during overcast—times of most accidental shootings. Vest costs \$1.98. Caps are also available. Cloth is not as "silent" as that used in most hunting wear, is therefore not made into jackets. All clothes from L. L. Bean, Freeport, Me.

POLO AS SHE'S SELDOM



IN THIS PAINTING BY THE AUTHOR, SAN PATRICIO'S ROUGHRIDERS POUND ACROSS FIELD WHILE STONES AND BATTLESNAKES FLY

SEEN

As played by famous artist Peter Hurd in New Mexico, polo is far from a rich man's game. You do need a reasonably flat field, and you do need some sort of horse to carry you up and down it. Used polo balls can be scrounged, soaked, dried and repainted. Mallets come cheap. Skill helps, but enthusiasm will serve just as well

by PETER HURD

SOME years ago, a famous American polo authority, Colonel Grove Collum, dropped in at my ranch at San Patricio, N.M. My colleagues and I were playing our own informal brand of Wild West polo. The colonel happened to catch a scrimmage participated in by a visiting oilman who played with more test than style. Later in the afternoon, between sips of a Martini cocktail, Colonel Collum remarked of our guest: "That man plays polo as if he were killing snakes." His estimate of the oilman's game was accurate. More than that, his remark had a double upness: It probably described the rest of us as well as it did the oilman and, as we all belonged to San Patricio, which was named for the Irish nemesis of snakes, his words gave us the name of our team—the San Patricio Snake Killers.

I've been playing this game for almost 20 years. I never intended to, even though I can't say I never intended not to. I got into it quite by accident. A young captain of cavalry stopped to visit at the ranch—on the Rio Ruidoso, 50 miles west of Roswell—after a polo tournament at Fort Bliss. He was a polo coach at New Mexico Military Institute and his conversation on that summer afternoon, as we sipped long tequila drinks, turned mostly to polo. From where we sat in the patio we could see, grazing on the nearby hillside, the four saddle ponies that had come with my newly acquired ranch. Suddenly the captain asked: "Why don't you guys up here start playing cow-pasture polo?"

Visiting me at the time were the late Eric Knight and a horse-mended youngster from the East known as Chico. Eric had fled a distasteful job as writer for one of the movie studios to be with me a couple of months and help get the ranch operation started. It was Knight who jumped up and said, "Why not? Pete's got one of the few flat pieces of land in the whole valley."

Whether it was the ensuing accounts of fabulous Western polo teams which had burgeoned on cow-pasture playing fields, or repeated *repêches* of tequila I

can't say, but the virus was planted. Within minutes, we drove to the spot Eric had spoken of—a nearly flat, though gently rolling piece of land roughly 700 by 400 feet. It was the site of a pre-Columbian village or camp, and pottery shards and occasional stone implements littered its grassy surface. There was some cactus—big cholla and prickly pear—and, reflecting that these might possibly prove detrimental to our game, we yanked them out with a log chain tied to a rear bumper. Chico penned the ponies and saddled them. The captain took his mallets and some polo balls from his car, while Eric and I hauled four bales of hay up to the field for goal posts. Having improvised the essentials, we immediately entered into an impromptu scrimmage. The captain taught us rules as we played.

POLO ON THE DOLE

Even that little taste of the game was exciting and absorbing. We were

all for more of it, but one thing occurred to us as we talked: Though the captain had cited the resemblance between our setup and that of other ranch polo teams, he had failed to mention one big difference—money. We were all broke, Eric and I living somewhat precariously from writing and painting respectively, Chico on a small monthly allotment from his parents. Moreover, these were the dark days of the Depression; but the germ was planted. There was no stopping us now.

We shamelessly scrounged used polo balls at N.M.M.I. When soaked in water, dried and repainted, they did very well. Mallets were a little more difficult. In those days a new Mearns mallet cost \$3.50—about what it cost one of us to live for three or four days. But we learned of a janitor at the institute who had a board of 23 used sticks, collected, he said, from cadets' rooms after they left on vacation. A pint of whiskey was discreetly shown him, and

continued on next page



THE SAN PATRICIO SNAKE KILLERS pose for a semiformal portrait. Left to right: José Herrera (El Piño); his brother Manuel; the author; yet another Herrera, Frutoso, known as El Huero; and Wilbur McKnight, known as Wilbur McKnight.

the sticks were at once ours. This gifted janitor proved a ready source of sticks for several years and, prudently, we didn't inquire into how he continued to have an apparently endless supply. After our initial barter deal, the price was set at 25¢ for a mallet with a fair head; for one with a good head, 50¢.

Our resources were strained, but we all had helmets and kept a fair supply of mallets on hand. Chico, who was a good craftsman, experimented with native woods to replace broken heads, and finally, after shattering a number of experimental but beautifully carved heads of pear, apple and live oak, we discovered that the wood of the native Soapberry tree—*Sapindus Drummondii*—was excellent. Its tough, compactly crossed fibers withstood the double attrition of balls and a stony field. For pony boots we used pieces of sheepskin to which we sewed billets. Saddles were a hodgepodge of ancient stock saddles—a couple of foxhunting ones and a steeple-chaser, patched, repatched, riveted and, in places, wired together.

TOUGH AND WERY PONIES

Our ponies and those of the other teammates we recruited were tough, wiry little cow ponies like those in Will James's drawings. I once acquired, in a swap, a pony named Pecos, which I trained and played many years. After the bill of sale had been executed, the former owner looked musingly at Pecos, a short-coupled pony with neat legs and a good head.

"You know," he said, "that's bound to be a hell of a good pony. Look at the number of brands he's got arned out. Ever' dums time they arned a brand it means somebody stole him."

Once, in the early days of polo at San Patricio, the mail brought word to Eric Knight that he had sold the rights of publication in Denmark for one of his books. A check for \$35 accompanied the letter from his agent, and when Knight disappeared for a few hours we all knew where he had gone. On a neighboring ranch there was a trim little sorrel filly whose owner wanted just \$35 for her. When Eric returned he was leading the filly. Her name, he said, would be "Danish Rights."

This name didn't stick, probably because the Mexicanos who played with us found it difficult and unattractive. Instead, they called her "La Bamha," for her graceful and dancing trot.

In that time there lived, not far from our ranch, a family named Herrera. There were five brothers, four



ACTION IN THE DESERT. On a gently rolling piece of land, roughly 700 by 400 feet, Author Murd and fellow sportsmen jockey for a whack at the ball.

of them in their middle and late 20s. All were talented and dedicated horsemen. They worked variously as cowhands and horse breakers and were always flamboyantly conspicuous performers at the local fiestas and rodeos. There was José, known as El Piño, after a Navajo grandfather; Antonio called El Gordo; Aristeo, called El Cadillo for his resemblance to a cocklebar when he was clinging to the mane of a wild *mustela*. There was also Manuel, called simply Manuelito, and Frutuoso, known as El Heuro for the habit he had of bleaching his black Indian hair.

THE RULES OF THE GAME

The Herreras were obviously perfectly endowed for our purposes, and it wasn't long before they were enthusiastic poloists. American cowboys from surrounding ranches also joined us, but they were always less spectacular, had less showmanship than the Herreras. Occasionally cavalry officer friends dropped in to watch or even participate in our rustic sport. From one cavalryman came a widely circulated rumor about polo as played at San Patricio. There were, according to the story, three rules:

1. No knives or guns allowed; carrying of ropes is frowned upon.
2. If a player is unhorsed, it is against the rules to run over him or belabor him with mallets until he has remounted.
3. If the ball goes out of Lincoln County, a rider is sent to a high peak to fire a gun and light a signal fire rallying the players to the ranch house for a round of tequila copitos.

The story obviously has no basis, for Lincoln County stretches 100 miles in one direction and 90 in another.

Another fable is that we once applied to have the W.P.A. make a federal relief project of our polo team. This is untrue, but it is a fact that at one time three of the Herrera boys were full-time W.P.A. workers, which limited our games to Saturday afternoons and Sundays.

Polo became an established institution at San Patricio and, though no one had any money for fancy gear, there was no lack of willingness to match games with all comers. Our opponents were widely varied, and consisted of civilian and military teams from Roswell, El Paso, Ft. Bliss and Juárez.

One time in the late '30s we were preparing for a big game: General Jaime Jesus Quinones of the Mexican army was bringing a team from Juárez and we had arranged a barbecue. A publican friend in Roswell contributed beer for the occasion—64 cases of it—which I'm afraid resulted in a sort of equestrian bacchanalia. Local kids had been recruited with the promise of all the soda pop they could drink to pick the stones off the field. A roller made of poured concrete was dragged behind a pickup truck and, although the field after this bore little resemblance even to the usual polo field, it was, for us, like Meadowbrook. But on the Friday preceding the Sunday of the game, disaster threatened: Two of the Herreras, including the star, and another player named Juan Buea came to me and sadly announced they were leaving for South Texas early the next day. A labor procurement agent had lured them with high wages to go and pick cotton. They departed ruefully, toasting our success in swigs of *triste*.

Our place at San Patricio was little more than a camp in the '30s. The two old adobe houses on the property were

barely habitable, so much of this time my wife and children were in Pennsylvania. With the polo infection racing in my veins, I found myself selecting my cook always with less interest in his cooking than in whether or not he could ride like hell and was willing to risk his neck on our polo field. Spills were commonplace and there were occasionally broken bones, but nothing serious.

As time went along and our team became locally known, polo-playing friends would make us presents of gear they no longer needed. In this way we collected a big assortment of mallets, balls, helmets, bridles, polo boots, riding breeches, six horses, four saddles and one pair of magnificent Peale Boots made in London. These boots we all tried on and we finally agreed that they fit Piffo best. They became his. One day, soon after this transaction, we played a game in Roswell. Following the game, the cavalry colonel who had been our referee invited the players to his quarters for drinks. I had noticed our host, a newcomer in Roswell, earnestly conversing with Piffo in border Spanish. Later he came up to one of our other players and asked:

"Don José, that is Señor Piffo—is he a big rancher?"

"No sir, I don't think so."

"Has he some mining interests in Lincoln County?"

"No, sir."

"Just what does he do?"

"Ever since I've known him, he's been working as a hand on Pete Hurd's ranch. Why?"

"Well," said the colonel, "if that isn't a pair of Peale Boots he's got on I'll eat a bale of barley hay!"

A THOROUGHBRED MARE

One day in 1941 my old and close friend, Paul Horgan, then an officer at N.M.M.I., sent me word that the father of a cadet wanted to give his son a thoroughbred polo mare. Moreover, the father had asked that I select her. Touched by this confidence, I spent a day at the stud farm in Roswell, inspecting all eligible mares. When, at last, I had made my choice, Paul asked:

"Are you sure this is the one?"

"Yes."

"Then load her in your pickup. She's yours—a present from Eric Knight, who's just sold *This Above All* to the movies."

The mare I had selected was 5-year-old Cherry Stuck by Fervor out of Cherry Blaze—a beautifully-made registered thoroughbred with a fine disposition and an abundance of purple

blood from the Eclipse line through her grandfather, Broomstick. With this generous gift of Eric's our horses began to improve, and her sons and daughters and even grandsons and granddaughters are now playing polo, while she, in queenly middle age, enjoys a life of leisure in our pasture.

With better horses, our game began to improve and, although we still play on the same field without benefit of sideboards and the game is still sometimes halted while the ball is retrieved from an arroyo, our game is now orthodox.

THE HORSEY SET NEXT DOOR

When I came back from the war I was delighted to find that a new and enthusiastically horsey family had bought the property adjoining us on the north. They were Mr. and Mrs. Tom Babers and their young son, Billy. Tom who, like me, was born in New Mexico and in the same year, had cowboied and rodeoed many years for a living. He was immediately a pushover for polo and, like many another I have taught, was soon outplaying me. When Billy was 14 we put him on old Peecos with a 48-inch mallet and it wasn't many months until he was playing regularly. In 1948 Billy entered New Mexico Military Institute—becoming the only cadet ever to make the first team his first year. After graduating and following his service with the Army, Billy was appointed polo coach at N.M.M.I. This year his team won

the Intercollegiate Indoor Polo Championship in New York by defeating Yale and Cornell.

The war years marked a change in polo at San Patricio. For one thing, we lost three fine friends and hard-riding players in Sergeant Burelign, Lieutenant Jenkins and Major Eric Knight—all killed in action. Eric's spurs and mallet we have hung over our tack room door. It is he, I keep thinking, who should be writing this story—he with his humor and his feeling for the extravagant and fantastic in life. This plus the fact that he was himself a participant in much of it.

Of those of us who began polo at San Patricio only Piffo and I are still playing. Piffo, who has been my foreman for 14 years, has eight children, all but one of them born on the ranch; to judge by the furious games of foot polo played by his children and mine, polo is due to continue here for some time more. Certainly as of now there is no want of enthusiasm in either the junior or senior division. As Tom Babers says:

"Anyone who comes along with the idea of getting up a little polo game will find us ready, willing and waiting. Pete and Piffo and Billy and I have played successful polo in every kind of weather there is here except one. One day a hailstorm came up while we were playing; hailstones big as polo balls commenced falling and we couldn't tell which was which. Had to give up."



"Our boys were simply starved for competition."

SCOREBOARD

A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Joseph Dolezal**, of Czechoslovakia, set new world record for five-mile walk, stepping distance in 34:34.8, at Houston, Czechoslovakia. Dolezal, holder of numerous world walking records, bettered mark of 35:15.0 made by Roland Hardy of England in 1932. ● **Aribar Clark**, of Fox Chase Manor, Montgomery County, Pa. set new world record for channel

bass in surf with 60½-pounder, at Nags Head, N.C. Clark used 12-pound test monofilament, Lux Mer spinning reel, homemade rod. Old record was 45-pounder taken at Ocracoke, N.C.

● **Bill Tenney**, of Dayton, Ohio set new National Outboard Association record for Class C hydroplane division of 68.441 mph, at Fort Loudon Lake, Tenn. Old record: 66.790 mph.

FOOTBALL

Ohio State, ranked first nationally, squeaked by stubborn Northwestern 14-7 to remain undefeated, take another step toward Rose Bowl. Northwestern quarterback Jack Ellis sparked Wildcats, throwing three successive completed passes in second quarter to set up touchdowns which put Northwestern in front. Ohio State came back with 62-yard drive to tie score, won game in fourth quarter on 24-yard aerial from Dave Leggett to Bobby Watkins.

Indiana dimmed Michigan's hopes for Big Ten title, beating favored Wolverines 13-9. Hoosier quarterback Florin Hellaiki passed for one Indiana score, plunged for other, intercepted three Michigan passes.

Notre Dame quarterback Ralph Guglielmi tossed 46-yard touchdown pass in second quarter to give Irish 6-0 win over Navy. Guglielmi also saved victory for Notre Dame by recovering Navy fumble in own end zone.

Pittsburgh ended seventh-ranked West Virginia's bid for undefeated season with 13-10 win over Mountaineers. Pitt quarterback Cerny Salvaterra threw two touchdowns passes to wipe out leads gained by West Virginia.

Oklahoma continued to be plagued by fumbles, had to come from behind in fourth quarter with two touchdowns to down Colorado 13-6.

U.C.L.A., led by Primo Villanueva, rolled to seventh straight triumph with 27-6 win over California. Villanueva scored twice, passed for one touchdown, gained 228 yards on offense. For California, Paul Larsen completed 25 of 38 passes to gain Golden Bears 25 yards.

Southern California, probable Pacific Coast Rose Bowl entry, trampled Oregon State 34-0.

Arkansas, ranked fourth nationally, headed for first Southwest Conference football championship in 8 years with 14-7 win over Texas A. & M.

Army, ranked fifth nationally and favored by 24-30 points, just managed to beat fighting Virginia team 21-20.

Yale successfully continued quest for Ivy League title, defeating Dartmouth 15-7. Hard-charging Eli line held Dartmouth to minus-one yard on ground, but it took 70-yard run by sophomore Al Ward and recovery of Big Green goal-line fumble to overcome Dartmouth first-period lead.

Xavier University scored touchdown in last 90 seconds of game to knock Boston College from unbeaten ranks 19-14. Xavier, which had lost 6 straight, piled up 291 yards on ground.

Art Luppino, Arizona tailback, scored 23 points, rushed for 179 yards as Arizona defeated West Texas State 48-12. Luppino

now leads nation in scoring with 123 points, in rushing with 892 yards.

National Football League leadership remained wild scramble as eastern division's three-way tie for first place continued when all three leaders lost. **Cleveland Browns**, led by Otto Graham, downed New York Giants 24-14; **Chicago Cardinals** won their first game of season, beating Pittsburgh Steelers 17-14; and **Green Bay** tripped Philadelphia Eagles 37-14. In western division, last-minute pass by Chicago Bears beat first-place San Francisco 49ers 31-27.

BOXING

Sandy Saddler, 28, world featherweight champion, TKO'd Ray Farnecoon, 29, of France in sixth round of nontitle match at Paris. It was Saddler's eighth fight this year, all over-the-weight. He has not defended title since 1951.

Vince Martinez, 35, Paterson, N.J. welterweight, TKO'd Carmine Fiore, 25, of Brooklyn in seventh round, at New York. It was eleventh straight win for Martinez, whose over-all record is 38-3.

Maurice Harper, unranked welterweight from Oakland, Calif., won ten-round split decision from world second-ranking welterweight contender, Del Finagans, of St. Paul, at San Francisco.

GOLF

Spencer S. Overton, 56-year-old Baltimore building contractor, won third annual north and south invitation senior golf tournament by defeating John W. Roberts, of Columbus, O., 2 and 1, at Pinehurst, N.C.

HORSE SHOWS

Mexico, represented by army team, won nine first places in eleven events of Pennsylvania National Horse Show at Harris-

burg, Pa. Standouts for Mexico were Gen. Humberto Marikes and Capt. Joaquín D'Harcourt. Other winners: Spain, three-day international low-ecore competition; Hans Guenther Winkler of Germany, individual international high jumping championship; Clay Pigeon, owned and ridden by Morton W. Smith of Cobham, Va., open jumping championship.

BADMINTON

Judy Devlin, 19, of Baltimore defeated Margaret Varner, 26, of Boston, 11-4, 9-11, 11-9 to take Wimbledon open badminton singles championship for women. Misses Devlin and Varner teamed up to win doubles title, beating Irene Cooley and Joan White of England 17-14, 9-15, 15-7.

Eddy Choong of Malaya, All-England champion, captured men's singles title for fifth straight year, beating Johnny Heab of Malaya, 15-1, 9-15, 15-9.

HORSE RACING

Summer Tan, Mrs. Russell A. Firestone's two-year-old bay colt, won world's richest horse race, \$259,965 Garden State Stakes, at Garden State Park, Camden, N.J. ridden by Eric Guerin, Summer Tan was 11-5 favorite, won by nine lengths in field of 15 on sloppy track. Victory was worth \$151,095.75, boosting Summer Tan's earnings for year to \$230,429. Runner-up was 51-1 shot, Mrs. D. Pershall Betz's Simmy. Third was Harry Guggenheim's Cain Hoy Stable entry, Flying Fury.

Minstrel, 66-1 shot owned by Lord Rosebery, won 115-year-old Cambridgehire Stakes in four-horse photo finish, at Newmarket, England. Queens Beeches was second; Marshal Noy, third. Minstrel's victory was worth \$3,230 pounds (\$8,960) to Lord Rosebery, senior steward of English Jockey Club.

Chevation, Foxcatcher Farm's 9-1 shot, galloped to three-length victory in \$58,000 Yankee Handicap at Suffolk Downs, Boston.

AUTO RACING

Lee Petty, 40, of Randleman, N.C., with 8,649 points, was named 1954 championship driver in NASCAR Grand National Circuit.

Lloyd Clark of Chicago, driving 1954 Buick, won Dixie 200-lap late-model stock-car championship and \$1,600 first-prize money, at Birmingham, Ala.

TRACK AND FIELD

Heinz Fultner, 22, of West Germany, ran 100 meters in 10.2 seconds at Yokohama

FOOTBALL'S TOP TEN

(Parfait of the Associated Press writers' poll)
Team standings this week, with points figured on a 10-0-6-7-6-5-4-3-2-1 basis after nine games in parentheses.

	Points
1—U.C.L.A. 720 (10-0)	1,935
2—Ohio State 688 (10-0)	1,903
3—Oklahoma 620 (10-0)	1,666
4—Arkansas 460 (9-1)	1,494
5—Notre Dame 450 (9-1)	1,357
6—Miami (Fla.) 350 (9-1)	1,326
7—Army 310 (9-1)	1,199
8—Purdue 280 (9-1)	1,185
9—Mississippi 270 (9-1)	1,129
10—Southern California 260 (9-1)	1,147

Runners-up: 11, Duke 174; 12, Iowa 168; 13, Cleveland 94; 14, Minnesota 89; 15, Rice 75.

COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

November 5 through 11

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5

Boxing

- Immy Stale vs. Bob Baker, heavyweights, Philadelphia, 10 p.m. (NBC).

Dogs

- Labrador Club Retriever Trials, Southampton, N.Y.
- New England Bud Dog championships, Andover, Mass.

Football

- Brake vs. Kansas State, Des Moines, Ia. (N).
- Geo. Washington vs. V.P.I., Washington, D.C. (N).
- Marquette vs. Boston College, Milwaukee (N).

Harness Racing

- The San Diego, \$10,000 1 1/16 mi., free-for-all pace, Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif.

Hockey

- Pittsburgh Hornets vs. Springfield Indians, Pittsburgh.

Motorboating

- Salton Sea Regatta, Salton Sea, Calif.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6

Boxing

- Tony DeMarco vs. Mike Nazzo, welterweights, Boston Arena (20 rds.), 9 p.m. (ABC).

Basketball

- Boston Celtics vs. Syracuse Nationals, Boston, 8:30 p.m.
- Fort Wayne Pistons vs. N.Y. Knicks, Fort Wayne, Ind. (NBC—following football game).
- Milwaukee Hawks vs. Minneapolis Lakers, Buffalo, N.Y., 8:15 p.m.
- Rochester Royals vs. Baltimore Bullets, Rochester, N.Y., 8:30 p.m.

Dogs

- Natl. Amateur Pheasant championships, Woodland, Calif.

Football

(Leading college games)

- EAST
 - Boston U. vs. Villanova, Boston.
 - Brown vs. Springfield, Providence, R.I.
 - Colgate vs. Bucknell, Hamilton, N.Y.
 - Cornell vs. Syracuse, Ithaca, N.Y.
 - Dartmouth vs. Columbia, Ithaca, N.Y.
- Pennsylvania vs. Notre Dame, Philadelphia, 1:15 p.m. (Mutual, ABC).
- Penn State vs. Holy Cross, State College, Pa.
- Princeton vs. Harvard, Princeton, N.J.
- Rutgers vs. Lafayette, New Brunswick, N.J.
- Temple vs. Brandeis, Philadelphia.
- Trinity vs. Amherst, Hartford, Conn.
- W. Virginia vs. Feeding, Morgantown, W. Va.
- Williams vs. Wesleyan, Williamstown, Mass.
- Yale vs. Army, New Haven, Conn.

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST

- Arkansas vs. Rice, Little Rock, Ark.
- Auburn vs. Miami, Birmingham, Ala.
- Baylor vs. Texas, Waco, Tex., 2:55 p.m. (ABC).
- Men to watch: Baylor's Billy Hooper (14) and Texas' Charlie Brewer (21).
- Duke vs. Navy, Norfolk, Va.
- Florida vs. Georgia, Jacksonville, Fla.
- Georgia Tech vs. Tennessee, Atlanta.
- Houston vs. Tulsa, Houston, Tex. (N).
- Kentucky vs. Vanderbilt, Lexington, Ky.
- L.S.U. vs. Chattanooga, Baton Rouge, La. (N).
- Maryland vs. N. Carolina St., College Park, Md.
- Mississippi vs. Memphis State, Memphis, Miss.
- Miss. State vs. N. Texas State, State College, Miss.
- N. Carolina vs. S. Carolina, Chapel Hill, N.C.
- S.M.U. vs. Texas A.M., Dallas, Tex.
- Tulane vs. Alabama, New Orleans.

Y.M.E. vs. Wis. & Mary, Rensselaer, Va.

- WEST
 - Indiana vs. Miami (Ohio), Bloomington, Ind.
 - Iowa vs. Purdue, Iowa City, Ia.
 - Iowa State vs. Oklahoma, Ames, Ia.
 - Kansas vs. Nebraska, Lawrence, Kan.
 - Michigan vs. Illinois, Ann Arbor, Mich.
 - Michigan State vs. Washington State, E. Lansing, Mich.
 - Minnesota vs. Oregon State, Minneapolis.
 - Missouri vs. Colorado, Columbia, Mo.

● Ohio State vs. Pittsburgh, Columbus, Ohio, 1:15 p.m. (NBC).

- Dalhousie A. & M. vs. Dalhousie, St. John's, N.S.
- Wichita vs. N. Dakota State, Wichita, Kan.
- Wisconsin vs. Northwestern, Madison, Wis.

FAR WEST

- Arizona vs. Texas Tech, Tucson, Ariz. (N).
- Arizona State vs. Cincinnati, Tempe, Ariz. (N).
- College of Pacific vs. San Jose State, Stockton, Calif. (N).
- Colorado A. & M. vs. Utah, Fort Collins, Colo.
- Stanford vs. S. California, Palo Alto, Calif.
- U.C.L.A. vs. Oregon, Los Angeles.
- Utah State vs. Wyoming, Logan, Utah.
- Washington vs. California, Seattle.

(Professionals)

- Baltimore Colts vs. Detroit Lions, Baltimore, 8 p.m. (Du Mont).
- Montreal Alouettes vs. Hamilton Tiger-Cats, Montreal, 1:35 p.m. (NBC).
- Toronto Argonauts vs. Ottawa Rough Riders, Toronto.

Harness Racing

- The Golden West, \$25,000 1 3/16 mi., free-for-all trot, Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif.

Hockey

- Natl. Hockey League
 - Montreal Canadiens vs. Detroit Red Wings, Montreal.
 - Toronto Maple Leafs vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Toronto.
- American Hockey League
 - Cleveland Barons vs. Springfield Indians, Cleveland.
 - Hershey Bears vs. Providence Reds, Hershey, Pa.
 - Pittsburgh Hornets vs. Buffalo Bisons, Pittsburgh.

Horse Racing

- Piedmont Futurity, \$60,000 1 1/16 mi., 2-yr.-olds, Pimlico, Md.
- Rearer Handicap, \$50,000 1 3/16 mi., 3-yr.-olds, Jamaica, N.Y.
- Vineyard Handicap, \$40,000 1 1/4 mi., 3-yr.-olds up, Garden State Pk., Camden, N.J.
- Narragansett Special, \$35,000 1 3/16 mi., 3-yr.-olds up, Narragansett Pk., Pawtucket, R.I.
- Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes, \$25,000 1 mi., 2-yr.-olds, Churchill Downs, Louisville, Ky.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 7

Auto Racing

- AAA 100-m. Bobby Ball Memorial, Phoenix, Ariz.
- Sports car races, March AFB, Riverside, Calif.
- NASCAR 100-m. Grand Natl., High Point, N.C.

Basketball

- Baltimore Bullets vs. Boston Celtics, Baltimore, 7:30 p.m.
- Fort Wayne Pistons vs. Rochester Royals, Fort Wayne, Ind., 8:30 p.m., C.S.T.
- Minneapolis Lakers vs. N.Y. Knicks, Minneapolis, 8:30 p.m., C.S.T.
- Syracuse Nationals vs. Milwaukee Hawks, Syracuse, N.Y., 8:30 p.m.

Football

- Chicago Bears vs. Green Bay Packers, Chicago, 2 p.m. (ABC—local blackout).

*See local TV listing

- Cleveland Browns vs. Washington Redskins, Cleveland, 2 p.m. (Du Mont).
- Philadelphia Eagles vs. Chicago Cardinals, Philadelphia, 2 p.m.
- Pittsburgh Steelers vs. N.Y. Giants, Pittsburgh, 2 p.m. (Du Mont).
- San Francisco 49ers vs. Los Angeles Rams, San Francisco, 5 p.m. (Du Mont).

Hockey

- Natl. Hockey League
 - Boston Bruins vs. Montreal Canadiens, Boston.
 - Chicago Black Hawks vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Chicago.
 - Detroit Red Wings vs. N.Y. Rangers, Detroit.
- American Hockey League
 - Buffalo Bisons vs. Hershey Bears, Buffalo, N.Y.
 - Providence Reds vs. Pittsburgh Hornets, Providence, R.I.
 - Springfield Indians vs. Cleveland Barons, Springfield, Mass.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8

Boxing

- Archie Moore vs. Archie McBride, light heavyweights (non-title), St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont).
- Gene Fullmer vs. Jackie La Baa, middleweights, (advised Pkway, Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC).

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 9

Boxing

- Earl Walls vs. James J. Parker, for Canadian heavyweight title, Toronto (10 rds.)

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10

Basketball

- Rochester Royals vs. Milwaukee Hawks, Rochester, N.Y., 8:30 p.m.

Boxing

- Bob Satterfield vs. Johnny Holman, heavyweights (10 rds.); Chico Varona vs. Al Andrews, welterweights (10 rds.), Chicago Stadium.

Hockey

- Natl. Hockey League
 - Boston Bruins vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Boston.
 - N.Y. Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, New York.
- American Hockey League
 - Cleveland Barons vs. Pittsburgh Hornets, Cleveland.
 - Hershey Bears vs. Buffalo Bisons, Hershey, Pa.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11

Basketball

- Baltimore Bullets vs. Minneapolis Lakers, Baltimore, S.C. 8:30 p.m.
- Boston Celtics vs. Milwaukee Hawks, 7:30 p.m.; N.Y. Knicks vs. Rochester Royals, 9:30 p.m., Madison Square Garden, N.Y.
- Fort Wayne Pistons vs. Syracuse Nationals, Fort Wayne, Ind., 8:30 p.m., C.S.T.

Hockey

- Natl. Hockey League
 - Detroit Red Wings vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Detroit.
 - Montreal Canadiens vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Montreal.
- American Hockey League
 - Buffalo Bisons vs. Cleveland Barons, Buffalo, N.Y.
 - Providence Reds vs. Springfield Indians, Providence, R.I.

Horse Racing

- Rearer Handicap, \$30,000 1 1/16 mi., 2-yr.-old colts, Jamaica, N.Y.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

SANTA CLAUS AND THE BONEFISH

You'll need a whole of a stocking to hold your Bonefish, Sailfish AND other game fish... and MORE, you'll net the family's cheese for a grand Holiday at OCEAN REEF CLUB, the 30-acre vacation-world in unspoiled North Key Largo, complete with Pool, Cabanas, Beach, Hotel and Cottages, excellent food. IF you write Santa Claus now for a free Fishing-Cruising Chart and colorful Folder c/o

OCEAN REEF CLUB
and Yacht Harbor
North Key Largo, Florida

KEY TO SYMBOLS

BO—season opened (or opened); BC—season closed (or closed); SV—season varies by district or water;
C—clear water; D—water dirty or milky; M—water muddy;
N—water at normal height; SH—slightly high; H—high; VH—very high; L—low; F—rising; F—falling;
WT10—water temperature 50°;
FG—fishing good; FF—fishing fair; FP—fishing poor; OG—outlook good; OP—outlook poor.



A digest of last-minute reports from fishermen and other unreliable sources

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TROJAN BOAT CO., Lancaster 6, Pa.



Golf's popular Doctor Cary Middlecoff

Dr. Cary Middlecoff says:
"Keeps hot sun from
drying out my lips"

"36 holes of golf in the sun used to leave my lips dry and chapped," says the former National Open champ. "Then I started using Mentholum Medicated Stick. It's tops for soothing power, swell protection against chapping in winter, too."

It's medicated! Contains inulin, camphor, menthol and other beneficial, medically approved ingredients. Get Mentholum Medicated Stick.



MUSKELLUNGE: MICHIGAN: Big Lake St. Clair muskies willing to play games but most fishermen figure the hell with it as bad weather continues; one 25-pounder boated last week; WISCONSIN: Watched weather slowed action in northern state but OF if weather improves; PENNSYLVANIA: Conestoga Lake and Allegheny River muskies uncooperative last week but OG if barometer lights somewhere.

CHANNEL BASS: FLORIDA: Some good catches of fish to eight pounds made in holes off shallow water along Panhandle side of Old Tampa Bay from Gandy Bridges to St. Pete. Several lunkers caught off oyster bars in Ochlockonee River at Allen's pier and Bald Point and at Nautal Line on Aucilla River; best bait is live shrimp but mullet and red-and-white plugs are effective; OG next 10 days.

MISSISSIPPI: Bleda agent reports redfish moving out of deep water into passes and bayous says now's the time to go get them.

NORTH CAROLINA: 60-lb. muskie landed Oct. 24 near Kill Devil Hill Coast Guard Station by Pennsylvania Arthur Clark for new 12-pound-line record. Fishing is hot in surf between Kitty Hawk and Geraco Inlet.

BLACK BASS: WASHINGTON: State's bass sleeper in Steamboat Lake, where good catches should be made through next fortnight; LOUISIANA: FG in rivers and creeks above salt water in New Orleans area and improving; but rain would help; bassups and topwater plugs should get the pay-off all next week.

FLORIDA: Lake Talquin (near Tallahassee) producing last catches of smallish bass on flies and popper plugs. Tamiari Canal baymouths are rooky but skillful bumbuggers can coax some action; OF.

NEVADA: Lake Mead lowest in history but Temple Bar and Overton report cages but fishermen taking whoppers; and OF.

CALIFORNIA: Reservoirs of lower Colorado River producing fish on live bait and slow-trolled diving plugs are pecking up occasional lunkers.

MISSOURI: Black River below Clearwater Dam SH, C, FF, OF. Niagara arm of Lake of the Ozarks is a rote murky and too rough for comfort but bass are starting to work again.

TEXAS: FG and improving on most TVA lakes despite near-record low water. Douglas Lake producing well for trailers and casters using small shallow-running plugs.

NORTH CAROLINA: Fontana Lake improving and OG for a flurry of topwater action during next fortnight (but snow in the mountains is portent of freezing weather due soon).

PENNSYLVANIA: Minnow experts taking small-mouths to four pounds from Allegheny River eddies in Franklin and Oil City areas; FG for large- and smallmouth bass in Conestoga Lake, and OG next week.

NEW MEXICO: FF at Canchua and Elephant Butte lakes with plugs and spinning lures favored, and OF.

STEELHEAD TROUT: CALIFORNIA: Winter 80) Nov. 1, and top spot in Sacramento River with limits common on single salmon eggs and spinners, Colusa-Red Bluff sector best, and reports say run shows no signs of letting up. First good rains will start run in Del Norte, Garza, Gualala, Russian and Trinity.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: FF and improving in South Thompson River with several fish in 30-pound class reported; and OG as early winter fish should show shortly in other streams.

OREGON: Fish now in Nestucca River in good numbers and one 15-pound 4-ounce fish taken near Beaver, egg clusters of red yarn best here as river is clear and falling. Columbia River is L. Cat Umatilla FG below McNary Dam.

WEAVERFISH: FLORIDA: Speckled weaver filling river in northeast Florida; live shrimp most-favored bait (At St. Augustine. Manatee River hot south of Bridge of Lions especially creeks along east bank and ahead near hospital on west bank. Terra Cesa and McNeil islands (north of Bradenton) and all bays in Tampa vicinity producing weavers to two pounds, with redeyed plug-cum-bucktail hottest lure.

LOUISIANA: Big catches of "white trout" reported around deepwater oil platforms in gulf off Grand Isle, lakes Pontchartrain Borgne and Katherine producing good catches, and OG next week.

TROUT: NEVADA: Pyramid Lake still producing five- and six-pound rainbows (with top fish 12 pounds) as result of '51 flood on Truckee River; rainbows planted at six inches last March being taken up to 16 inches; phenomenal growth indicates this once world-famous water believed washed up since late '40s has made great comeback.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: FG on upper Cowichan River for brownie and rainbows. Coastal lakes holding up, and OG while weather stays warm.

NEW MEXICO: OG through next two weeks on most streams in state as upper Rio Grande reports big browns still active, but not much interest in this except in evening; that's why worms were best.

PACIFIC SALMON: CALIFORNIA: Smith River hot with moosemen taking scores of chublets up to Bailey Huffer; silvers showing too as most other popular waters petered out (except off Golden Gate, where rollers found few fish over 20 pounds but many limits).

OREGON: FG for silvers in upper reaches of Umpqua tributary and OG for rollers unless threatening storm center moves in.

WALLEY PIKE: PENNSYLVANIA: First snow flurry put move in Pymatuning, Conestoga and French Creek walleyes, with nine-pounder at Cambridge Springs among lunkers that gulped wrong minnow.

ONTARIO: Streamer flies produced 15 walleyes between seven and 11 pounds for a party of four in the Talbot River near Cambridge last week.



McMILLIN SCORED DRAMATICALLY WHEN HE ELUDED HARVARD'S GERRKE AND JOHNSON, WHO CHASED HIM VAINLY TO GOAL LINE

YESTERDAY

FAIR HARVARD FELL

Little Centre College upset the mighty Crimson and built the legend of the Prayin' Colonels, whose surprising success was no accident

by TOM SILER

I'D RATHER be Bo McMillin at this moment than the governor of Kentucky," exulted the Honorable Edwin P. Morrow, the governor of Kentucky, on October 30, 1921. No one could blame him. Rugged, pug-nosed Bo had quarterbacked Little Centre College's football team to an astonishing conquest: a 6-0 conquest of Harvard.

Few could believe it except the 43,000 who jammed the stadium at Cambridge. Harvard had won or tied 25 games in a row, including a now almost forgotten victory over Oregon in the Rose Bowl. Harvard had never lost an interseasonal game. But on this fateful afternoon the team from Danville, Ky., outskilled and outlasted the Crimson, using only five subs.

Centre's victory thrilled the nation. Thousands quickly adopted the Prayin' Colonels as "their" team. Little boys mimicked McMillin's famed running pass, their dads regaled each other with the wondrous feats of Red Rob-

erts (who started as end and substituted as tackle and back against Harvard), and coaches copied the favorite plays of Uncle Charley Moran.

A SHY LITTLE MAN

Although it was generally accepted as such, the rise of the Prayin' Colonels of Centre was no accident. Robert L. (Chief) Myers had planned the whole show. This shy little man recruited the stars, most of them from Texas, hired the coach, handled the finances and inspired the lads with his own ambitions of national conquest. He was charting the course to the astonishing Harvard upset long before Centre had heard of McMillin, certainly well before Harvard knew there was a Centre College.

In fact, Myers' dream began taking shape in 1910 when the Chief was a schoolteacher at Fort Worth's North Side High, and football coach on a volunteer basis. His star, Bo McMillin,

quarterbacked the team for two years while still in grammar school. Bo's teammates included Red Weaver, Matty Bell, Sully Montgomery, Bill James, Bill Boswell and Bob Mathias. The Chief, a Centre alumnus, planned to have this team play football at Centre.

Later McMillin recalled his saying: "Bo, you're going to be an All-American quarterback. Weaver, you'll be an All-American center, and Matty, you'll be an All-American end, even if you are too skinny." McMillin also testified, "He told us we'd get games with big Eastern schools, that we'd win the Southern and the national championship. He talked like that all the time, and we believed it. Funny thing, almost all of it came true, too."

But it was only talk until Myers chanced to visit Centre in 1916. Then he discovered Coach Bo Littick was resigning, effective after the 1916 season. Myers took the job and wired his



HAPPY VICTORS were photographed on Danville's best fire wagon, surrounded by rosters: 1, McMillin; 2, Covington; 3, Armstrong; 4, Jones; 5, Greer; 6, Myers; 7, Moran; 8, Hudgins; 9, Rubarth; 10, Lenson; 11, Thornhill; 12, Jones; 13, Kubale; 14, Chinn; 15, Snowday; 16, Bartlett; 17, Tanner; 18, Priest; 19, Kimbel; 20, Gibson and 21, Shadowen.

YESTERDAY continued from page 69

old Fort Worth gang to "get on your mules." Six of them enrolled in time for Little's last season. McMillin and Weaver came, too, but Centre wouldn't accept them. Myers farmed them out to Somerset High, 45 miles south of Danville.

When Myers took charge in 1917, he had 11 lettermen, plus McMillin (then 20 or 21), Weaver and Roberts. One letterman was Tom Moran, son of Uncle Charley, a National League umpire and former football coach of the Texas Aggies. When Moran visited his son in mid-October of 1917, the Chief impulsively offered him \$700 (out of his own pocket) to coach the team. The Chief fancied himself more of a mastermind than a coach. When Moran accepted, an unbeatable combination took shape: Uncle Charley was a stern, tough master, a smart teacher and fundamentalist with a flair for the sensational; the Chief, assisting him, handled all off-field details; McMillin was the spiritual leader. Standing on a table in the locker room, Bo (weighing 170) warned, "If I see anybody break training rules I'm going to whip him then and there."

Centre had no money for football. Coach Moran doubled as a cobbler to keep the football shoes in trim. Negro boys, recruited from the city jail,

served happily as masseurs at 35¢ an hour. Each player had one uniform. Despite such shoestring financing, the Myers-Moran-McMillin combine produced quick dividends. In 1916 Centre lost to Kentucky 68-0. A year later Centre won, 3-0. Uncle Charley eschewed his usual pregame ranting and gruffly asked one of the boys to pray. Bob Mathias, later to head a Chicago bank, responded: "Damn it all, let me pray." Centre beat Kentucky that day on McMillin's field goal, the first and last one he ever tried. And the prayer idea stuck. Never again did this team face the kickoff without a solemn moment of prayer. Cynics called it showmanship, but the players believed in it.

BIG NAMES ON THE SCHEDULE

By 1919 the Chief was adding big names to the schedule. Centre whipped Indiana and a strong West Virginia team which had shellacked Princeton. The latter triumph "made" Centre. Eddie Mahan, Harvard star of 1913-14-15, subsequently scouted the "Prayin' Colonels" and recommended that Harvard schedule Centre.

In 1920 the eager country boys weren't equal to Harvard, losing 14-31. After the game Arnold Howreen, who captained the Crimson, offered the ball to Captain McMillin. "No, thanks," said Bo, almost in tears. "We'll be back next year to take it home with us."

Chief Myers agreed. If possible, he was even more anxious than Bo to get another crack at the confident Easterners. All through the summer of 1921, he prodded the players with thoughts of Harvard. "Brotherly love and team spirit have 'made' us more than anything else," Myers wrote. "Now if each of you were 10 times as good we wouldn't get anywhere without that spirit. I am anxious above all things to keep that spirit sweet and strong because I know that without it we shall be back among the second and third raters." Later, he wrote, "I would smoke a cigar under a gasoline shower to see you beat Harvard. . . ."

A PRAYER BEFORE THE GAME

In the dressing room before the Harvard game a red-faced Moran, half snarling and half yelling, delivered a fight talk. A. B. (Happy) Chandler, then at Harvard studying law, sang *Dear Old Southland*, and there wasn't a dry eye in the room. Everyone knelt for a brief prayer. Then the players trotted out before their huge audience.

Centre's tactical plan was tight as a pawnbroker. They played defense, concentrated on bone-rattling tackles and waited for a break. Meanwhile, Harvard moved the ball. Twice Quarterback Charlie Buell tried a field goal. Roberts blocked the first kick from the 11-yard line. The second, from the 29, was short, much to the merriment of a bloc of M.I.T. students, who served that day as a self-appointed cheering section for the visitors. At the halftime it was 0-0.

A Negro known only as Rescoe, brought along as a masseur and good luck charm, put on an impromptu show at intermission. Attired in swallow-tail coat and stovepipe hat, he entertained the Easterners by doing original dances to band music. Inside the Centre dressing room Uncle Charley was tight-lipped and cautious. He warned Captain Armstrong about the flat pass. Buell to Clark Macomber, that had gained 10 yards in the first half. Armstrong nodded, said nothing. He already had noticed that Macomber's eyes revealed the direction of the coming plays—an observation which enabled him to intercept two passes in the second half. McMillin and his teammates returned to the field confident but not cocky.

Centre's opportunity came soon after the start of the third quarter, when a breach of the rules cost Harvard 15 yards. With the ball on Harvard's 32-yard line, McMillin knew the time had come. He looked to the sidelines. Uncle

Charley's foot was on the water bucket, a prearranged signal to call the pay-off play. "Let's go, gang," yelled Bo. "This is where we beat Harvard."

Kubale centered the ball to Bo, who ran to his right, then cut inside the Harvard left end. Meanwhile, Roberts bowled over the linebacker, and James, Armstrong and Gordy executed key blocks. Once past the line, Bo veered back sharply to the left, picked up Roberts, who leveled the safety man, and scored standing up. Harvard fought savagely to score, but Centre's defense held. Finally, in the absence of fancy timing devices, Referee R. W. Maxwell stepped in, grabbed the ball and handed it to Capt. Armstrong. The game was over.

ROSCOE'S HAT AND COAT

M.I.T. students, whose coolness toward Harvard was well known, raced out of the stands, lugged McMillin around on their shoulders, leveled the goal posts and snake danced until exhausted. It was some time before all the Centre players escaped the ecstatic fans. Some were surprisingly nonchalant. A few sold their game jerseys at souvenir prices ranging from \$10 to \$50. Probably Roscoe had the best time of all. M.I.T. students shanghaied him and began a house-to-house visit along fraternity row, pausing frequently for refreshments. Well after midnight they sent Roscoe to the Lenox Hotel in a cab, but they kept his dearly prized hat and coat. For years these souvenirs hung in the Beta Theta Pi house under a sign which read, "Roscoe's hat and coat."

Down in Danville the carnival spirit held sway and business closed down for a week. Bonfires dotted alleys and streets. The legend "C 6, H 0" was smeared on sidewalks, fences, store windows, telephone poles, mailboxes, cars. One energetic youth climbed the water tower and painted the score there too. Not even cattle were safe. College boys rounded up 10 or 12 milk cows, painted the "C 6, H 0" on their hides and drove them, bewildered and bawling, down Danville's normally quiet main street.

Governor Morrow met the returning heroes at Lexington and escorted them the last 50 miles to Danville. Stores were closed, classes forgotten. The players, draped over the city's flashiest fire truck, were paraded up and down tree-lined streets. Finally, Bo was called upon for a speech. He delivered it with commendable brevity: "This is the happiest day of my life."



BO McMILLIN, husky spiritual leader of the Frayin' Colonels, had been primed since high school days for the victory over Harvard. Later he became an outstanding coach, earned "Coach of the Year" honors at Indiana in 1945. He died in 1952.

AUTUMNAL FIRE

The chemistry of turning leaves produces their annual brilliance

by JOHN O'REILLY

THE TREES of the deciduous or leaf-shedding forests of the East are preparing for their long period of winter rest. In the process of changing from the lush green of summer to the stark bareness of winter they stage the most extravagant color display to be seen anywhere in the world.

Residents tend to take this autumnal phenomenon for granted. During October and November they make pilgrimages to their favorite vantage points for viewing the brilliant foliage. They collect leaves with which to decorate their homes and shop windows. The autumn leaf becomes the symbol of the season, but despite its familiarity, there is misunderstanding about it.

PREPARATION FOR WINTER

There is a widespread belief that fall coloring is brought on by frosts and cold weather, but this is not strictly the case. Many trees start preparing for winter long before freezing weather arrives. Some of them, like the black gum, begin to turn in early August.

The leaves are factories in which the food of the tree is manufactured. In the leaves are chlorophyll bodies which convert inorganic substances into organic foods. These chlorophyll bodies are green and give the living leaf that color. When it comes time for a truly deciduous tree such as the maple to go into its resting period, it has its own method of shutting up shop.

At the base of the petiole, or leaf-stalk, the cells thicken and cut off the circulation of water in the leaf. Without water the chlorophyll bodies crumble and die. As they do, the other pigments in the leaf which had been hid-

den by the chlorophyll come into view. The wide range of colors—reds, yellows and browns—included in these pigments produces the mass display.

The oaks are imperfectly deciduous in that their leaves remain most of the winter and frost helps in killing the chlorophyll and revealing the other pigments. Half-turned oak leaves showing both green and red are the de-



light of connoisseurs of autumn color.

The eastern United States puts on the greatest show because it has the greatest variety of deciduous trees. The Appalachian region of the Southeast, for example, has twice as many species of trees as all of Europe. These deciduous woodlands extend north through New England into eastern Canada until they are gradually replaced by the spruce and fir forests of the North. They spread westward in diminishing intensity, and on the south



they reach down through the Great Smoky Mountains. There the proper conditions for fall color are provided by altitude. In the Great Smokies the fall coloring begins on the mountaintops and moves down to the valleys.

Scientists have long had difficulty in establishing the exact composition of this varying deciduous forest. Now a new method is being used experimentally. In the fall when the coloring is at its height aerial color photographs are made of a stretch of woodland. By studying the various colors the scientists can determine just which species make up the area photographed.

The procession of color begins in August with yellow beginning to show here and there in the woods. In September the dogwoods begin to get a bronzy tinge which gradually deepens. Vines and shrubs then contribute to the show. Sumac growing along the roadside will also provide a spot of fire. The maples, which bear some of the most beautiful fall colors, become light red and gold. The oaks join the procession, and the countryside blazes.

PAINTED HILLS IN SUNSHINE

The panorama is made even brighter when the clear, crisp days of October and November come along. Frosty nights are succeeded by crisp, clear days with the painted hills standing out in strong sunshine. This is the time when the arguments start. It seems that every student of this phenomenon has his own opinion about when the



color is at its height. There also is great difference of opinion as to whether the color is better this year or the year before. Individuals have their own favorite spots where they claim the color is better than anywhere else.

I'll go along with those who hold out for the highlands of the Hudson. The mountains through which the Hudson River flows are spectacular at any time of the year, but when the forests covering them take on their autumn brilliance there is no other region which can top it.

Each year there are hundreds of thousands of people who join in this opinion. Their cars jam the roads on either side of the river and they crowd the lookout points to soak in the view. One favorite cruising ground up the Hudson is the Palisades Interstate Park. Visitors from all over the country arrange their trips to pass through the park when the color is bright.

A. K. Morgan, general manager of the park and a deep student of autumn coloring, says that the display in the park this fall will be better than last year. He points out that the frequent rains during the summer caused a heavy growth of leaves which will provide the best ever. But Mr. Morgan is prejudiced. If you go up to New England the local experts on fall color will tell you the same thing.

SPORTS COURT



If the rangers in a national park tell you it's safe to sleep out-of-doors, must the government pay if you find yourself spending the night wrestling with bears?

Yes, because since the government's rangers lulled you into a dangerous sense of false security, the least the government can do is pay the cost of patching you together again, said the United States District Court.



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EZZ CHARLES AND FRIEND

Sirs:

Here is a picture of Ezzard Charles taken when he came here to the University of Illinois to take a series of physical-fitness tests under Professor Thomas K. Cureton. Charles read about Cureton's physical-fitness tests (SI, Aug. 30) that told about Roger Banister's experiences with Cureton. Charles said he feels that he has several more good years left in him and these tests may help him regain the heavyweight championship. Incidentally, the fellow in pique with Charles is Cureton.

EDWARD J. WORTAS

Champaign, Ill.



CHARLES IN BALANCE TEST

INVITATION ACCEPTED

Sirs:

I enjoyed so much your splendid article *Wood Smoke From Old Cables* (SI, Oct. 11) that I was prompted to invite SI editors if they are ever driving through this part of our beautiful Wisconsin to stop a few moments and see my cabin in the woods. I built it in 1923, and it is sitting on a beautiful little lake in 1,200 acres of timber country, and it has, with wonderful fellowship given it, a great deal of charm.

You would be most welcome to use it for an hour, a day or week or longer, because I know how much you would appreciate it.

A. J. O'MELIA

Rhinelander, Wis.

NATURALLY

Sirs:

We don't know where you get the dope on New Mex. fishing but your advice worked out for us this weekend. We took your word for it and really got fish.

MR. & MRS. D. W. NEWTON
Mountain Air, N. Mex.

NIGHT HUNTERS

Sirs:

As a fox hunter I enjoyed SI's story on fox hunting (Oct. 11) and Mr. Everett's good writeup. However, I believe Mr. Everett's "100,000 night-hunters—23 states—chiefly farmers" is incomplete. There are probably that many night-hunting members of some fox-hunting association, which number does not take into account the thousands who do not belong to any association. As to "23 states"—I do not believe there are over two or three states where the night fox chase is not enjoyed. As to "chief-

ly farmers"—it may be that the best fox hunters are men of the land, and it may be that time was when they were the hub of the thing. However, I venture the guess that today there are more preachers, bankers, lawyers, factory laborers, and countless other nonfarmers who keep a pack than there are farmers.

I wanted to mention this last exception merely to point out that the appeal of the chase finds its way into all classes and kinds of people.

Congratulations to a sports magazine which covers off sports.

J. P. BUZARD

Moss Point, Miss.

• SI was referring to hard core of "night-hunters," spread mainly over the Southeastern and Midwestern states—ED.

COMIC SITUATION

Sirs:

In your Oct. 18th issue there is a cartoon concerning horseshoe pitchers who are searching through a rule book for information on how to score a precariously balanced horseshoe on top of the stake.

This is certainly a comic situation, but for those who are interested in what is the official scoring of this 'shoe, it is by logic only one point—regardless of its novel position. The same applies to any 'shoe within six inches of the stake that is a nonrunner.

In the event this situation should ever actually occur, I suggest that the 'shoe or stake be checked for magnetism or Newton's Law of gravity be repealed.

GLENN C. BARNETT

Sec'y-Treas.

American Horseshoe Pitcher's Assoc. Inc.
Canton, O.

WHO'S MISSING THEM?

Sirs:

When I first saw your photograph of Frank Mincevic (The Solid South, SI, Oct. 4) I felt there was something missing.

Then I read Otto Graham's words in your



MINCEVIC AND TROPHIES

Oct. 11th issue and immediately I knew what had been left out of Mincevic's photograph.

Here is the "complete" picture.

DOM ISMAN

Chemin St. Louis
Grand'Mere, Quebec
Canada

TWENTY MILLION SALUTES

Sirs:

America's No. 1 participant sport salutes America's No. 1 sports publication.

Bowling has at last been accorded its long-overdue recognition through the fine pen of Victor Kutzman. Twenty million bowlers eagerly await your weekly feature on their beloved sport. Keep them coming, they're tops!

MARC BALDWIN
President

New York Bowling Council
New York

BOWLED BOWLER

Sirs:

Nice going on the Oct. 11th column, predicting a big year for Lindy Faragalli. You might be interested to know that on Friday, Oct. 15, he rolled a 390 game in the Bergen County Major League. Because Faragalli was wearing a shirt and trousers made by Crown Prince Inc., the company awarded him a thousand-dollar bond. Two nights later, on Oct. 17, he rolled a 790 series with games of 258, 278 and 254 in the Eastern Classic League, at Mattewan, New Jersey. Last Sunday, Oct. 24, Lindy came back with 772, including a 289 game in the Eastern. He is currently leading in the New Jersey eliminations for the All-Star Classic, so that he has a good chance to win the U.S. title this year, as you said he had a chance to.

THE FABER CRESENT BUCKS
BOWLING TEAM

Lodi, N. J.



FARAGALLI & BOW

BOWLER'S BOUQUET

Sirs:

Thanks to your magazine for publication of a very constructive article on what you should know if you want to bowl. A bouquet to you for that effort.

A audition to you for Vic Kaiman's last interpretation of the soon-coming Team Tournament at Handicap. Have to differ with Vic on his interpretations. Firstly, 90% of the bowling public are handicap bowlers. Actually less than 10% are proficient enough to be able to actually compete with the Don Carters and Joe Norrises, etc. etc., who make up the FLASH of bowling.

Are the 90% always to be denied the right to compete in major tournaments, except when they sacrifice all chance to win, just for the sport of so competing, as is done by all booster bowlers in the current ABC, when they bowl in the doubles and singles events?

The B.P.A.A. realizes, through years of experience, that these handicap bowlers, who make up the backbone of the bowling lines, would like to compete once in a while in a nationally known affair and still not have to concede all victories to the professionals before they even compete against them. Hence the B.P.A.A. Team Handicap Tournament.

Vic exaggerated a bit when he said that a bowler who carried a 120 average in December would easily carry a 170 in May. In the first place, at the end of December most league bowlers have already bowled for three months or more that winter, and the average they have at the end of December very seldom varies over a very few pins over what they will carry when the season is over. A five-pin variation would be the maximum, as an average. Move bowlers show their improvement in the off summer season when they start one winter as a beginner, bowl through that season and end up with, let's say a 140 average, then bowl like mad that summer, and come into their league the next winter still with a 140 blue-book average but with 160 capability.

This same bowler will, however, during the next three months, show his or her ability to shoot 160-170 by doing so in his league, so that when the end of December rolls around he will have a league average that will be a true picture of his actual capability. Thus, the possibility of a 170 bowler getting into a handicap tournament way below his average is minute.

Furthermore, there will probably be a limitation of a minimum of 150 as an entering average, which will also tend to make Vic's average speed still further exaggerated.

You know, year after year, bowling proprietors and, if you please, state associations, belonging to the ABC and operating strictly under ABC supervision and rules, hold handicap team, singles and doubles tournaments all over the country. These actually could work let us say, as area qualifying rounds for a large national affair. However, so far the ABC has not seen fit to hold such an event because of the success of their scratch tournament.

It will just be a matter of a year or two until the B.P.A.A. will be held on a sectional basis, thus saving hundreds of thousands of dollars in travel and expense money for the bowlers, and the team sectional winners alone will meet in a grand final for the roll-off. Would this be bad for bowling? I believe that you will find that about twenty million bowlers would not think so.

FRANK B. LACY, Pres.

Albany Bowl
Albany, Cal.

COMEBACK

Sirs:

We at Pennsylvania had more than a passing interest in the reprint of the Thomas Eakins' masterpiece on page 68 of your September 27th issue.

Since Billy Smith (the fighter in Eakins' canvas) retired he has been employed by the Department of Intercollegiate Athletics. During the spring and fall months he handles the university tennis courts. During the winter months he is attached directly to the department office. Even when he was fighting professionally he used to spend his Saturday afternoons watching the football games at the University of Pennsylvania.

BOB PAUL

University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia



EAKINS SMITH TODAY

● Billy Smith, now 79, was a 24-year-old 115-pounder when Eakins painted him in Philadelphia. Although never, by his own admission, a great fighter, Billy fought in over 115 bouts before retiring in 1901.—ED.

FURY OF THE GREEN WAVE

Sirs:

Your piece in SOUNDTRACK called "Purists, Beware!" (21, Oct. 18) recalled to mind an amazingly similar incident. . . . From my point of view, the setting was epic: small-town Arkansas boy away to college in big city watching first big-time football game from yawning expanse of a mammoth stadium. In this instance, Tulane vs. New Orleans, in the Sugar Bowl. It was the first game of the 1947 season and the combatants were the two forces of the Southeastern conference, Tulane's Green Wave and Alabama's favored and potent Crimson Tide. As far as I knew, it was to be a track meet for Alabama's All-Americans Glimmer and Mancha against a bunch of green Greemies. Needless to say, I was delighted when the scoreboard held points for neither team with just 36 seconds remaining in the first half. But then Alabama pushed the ball deep into Tulane territory, where it rested on the four-yard line while the Green braced against the on-rushing Tide. The first wave, however,

swept the visitors to their long-awaited first TD but a missed conversion attempt gave them only a 6-0 lead with the first half all but over. But was it! The booming Alabama kickoff was taken three yards deep in the end zone by a Tulane back named Eddie Price. As he rushed back onto the playing field, it became as a stormy sea but this time the fury of the Green Wave was not to be denied and Price sped spectacularly, all the way, tying the score. But we got our PAT, so in the twinkling of an eye Tulane went ahead, 7-6. It had all happened so fast that hardly any of the precious seconds had been ticked off the scoreboard clock. Now Tulane kicked off, and got Alabama's man near the middle of his half of the field. But even this did not run the time out, so Alabama got set to run it out with a play from scrimmage. A fumble! with Tulane recovering. Time for about one more play. And a good one it was, too, a completed touchdown pass followed by another successful point after. Now it was Tulane 14, Alabama 6 and the game was finally half over. That is, half over for most of the 80,000 stunned fans, but in my book the game ended right there. Twenty points in 36 seconds after none for 29 minutes and four seconds!!!

Oh, yes, I do still remember that, although Alabama came out in the second half and garnered two TDs to our one, they had already given our boys a one-point margin in that missed extra point and it eventually led to a 21-20 dissolution of Red into Green.

JIMMIE CARTER, M.D.

Little Rock, Ark.

EVERY LEAF'S THE SAME

Sirs:

I am 80 years old and just straining on my leath to go deer hunting. . . . Oh, these Autumn days! My poem, "The Huntin' in the Fall," explains my love:

THE HUNTIN' IN THE FALL

Old "Sport" in the keened is a lookin' mighty sney

For the swift October days proclaim

the huntin' season nigh,

You can tell it, you can feel it, every

year it is the same,

'Tis the longin' that comes o'er us

for the shootin' and the game.

For the rustle of the brown leaves be-

neath our huntin' boot,

For the fine work of our pointers the

wary game to loot,

Just a free breath of the country, 'tis

the sweetest boon of all.

When you hear the Bob White whistle

and the turkey gobble call.

Oh! Our shootin' irons are ready, they

are oiled and looking' neat,

And our huntin' coat is hangin' limp

beside the window seat.

Our boots are at the cobble's and our

cap is on the wall

But we'll have the outfit ready for the

huntin' in the fall.

GEORGE E. McMILLAN

Compton, Cal.

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NAMES AND FACES

Sirs:

James Farrell's article on the old White Sox (SI, Oct. 4) rekindled old memories, for it was the early White Sox who were my first baseball love. But names and faces don't go together after such a time. Could you give me the names of the players who sat for that group picture? I'm particularly interested in finding Ray Schalk (whom I consider the greatest catcher of all time and who should be in the Hall of Fame for my money) and also Gandil and Weaver if they were with the team that early—and of course old Red Faber. I'll appreciate any light you can shed for me back into those now too-dim years.

PHILIP POTTER

Tuxedo Park, N.Y.



1907 WORLD-CHAMPION WHITE SOX

● Complete roster of championship team (see cut and SI, Oct. 4) is on its way to Potter. Buck Weaver is seventh man from left, top row, with Chick Gandil on his left. Ray Schalk is first player in middle row. SI can shed little light on Gandil, who seems to have disappeared. Weaver, now 63, lives in Chicago, works as pari-mutuel ticket-taker for Hawthorne Race Track. Urban Faber, 56, also in Chicago, is rod man for a Cook County Highway Dept. survey team and 62-year-old Raymond Schalk, who got in the bowling business while still a player, continues to supervise the 24 alleys of Chicago's Evergreen Towers Lounge. Schalk keeps his hand in baseball with an annual spring-training session for Purdue's baseball team.—ED.

COMPOUND FRACTURE

Sirs:

I thought you might be interested in the enclosed picture of my son and neighbor's



CAPTIVE AUDIENCE

son, who are early football casualties of the 1954 season.

The broken leg happened two days before the broken arm, so they were able to console each other for the remainder of the season.

E. L. GRIFFITH

San Francisco

HE BLOCKED ME

Sirs:

In SI, Oct. 11, Duane Decker wrote *Football for All*. In his article he stated that "it gives brittle-boned folk a chance to lug a football without the danger of winding up in a doctor's waiting room" (referring to touch football). I broke my arm last Tuesday playing touch football. A boy blocked



DISAPPOINTED READER TRAVIS

me (with his shoulder) and I fell down and broke it. That should prove that touch football is not very safe.

JAY TRAVIS III

McComb, Miss.

SWAP SLIGHTLY USED . . .

Sirs:

I read your article (SI, Sept. 27) on telescopic sights.

I have in my possession a German scope and case with the following markings on it: *Dage Berlin Lazer 6x 14918 D.R.P. Nr-355004, Hubertus (on case)*.

I didn't know anything about scopes until I read your article, and as this scope isn't much use to me I was wondering whether some reader would be interested in a swap. I'd be willing to let it go for a Bache or equally good brand of freshwater spinning reel.

HAROLD WILLIAMS

New York

ACTION

Sirs:

Mark Kauffman's picture of the field of three-year-old pacers heading into the turn in the Little Brown Jug (SI, Oct. 4) is one of the finest action pictures of a harness race that I have seen. It captures the spirit of this event. . . .

E. G. FRANZ

Eric, Pa.

SHOULD I BE ASKING?



KANSAS CITY SUPPLICANT, 1914 A.D.



BROOKLYN SUPPLICANT, 1952 A.D.

Sirs:

Prayerful boys in Doctor Denton's (SI, Oct. 25) seem to have become a size class nos. of the major leagues.

Since they promise to play as important a role in organized baseball as bat boys and switch hitters, I feel beholden to reveal for future historians of the game the origin of this innovation.

A Brooklyn type—a dead ringer for the Kansas City lad—started the trend during the 1932 World Series. Our local boy, a Dodger fan, needless to say, prayed in the same fervent manner as his Kansas City cousin. To make a strange coincidence even stranger, he knelt on a similar scatter rug, his elbows resting on a bed the identical twin of the one in the Helzberg advertisement. The props were all the same—flannel nighties, a baseball hat for a nightcap, pictures of ballplayers, in this case Dodgers, on the wall.

Even his prayer was identical as to

words, printing and typography: "... AND MAYBE I SHOULDN'T BE ASKING BUT ... " A little more subtle than the Kansas City lad, our youngster left it up to the readers of the *New York Times* (Oct. 7, 1952) and the *Brooklyn Eagle*, where Abraham & Strauss published the advertisement, to fill in the ending—defeat for the Yankees and triumph for the Brooklyn.

Our boy's prayers, sad to say, were no more effective than the Kansas City intercession with Providence.

Incidentally, if Junior is still waiting forlornly out there in K.C. for a big league ball club, he is welcome to come to Brooklyn, where we are all looking forward to next year and where every prayer will be needed come spring.

WILLIAM TOSBY

Brooklyn, N.Y.

● But last weekend, with the Philadelphia sale abandoned, prayers counted more than ever.—ED.



THINK



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...and you'll drink

Red Cap

FIRST, think of the lightest, driest beer you ever tasted.

NEXT, think of the extra flavor and "heart" that only *fine ale* can give.

NOW, think of them both together. That's RED CAP—the *light-hearted* ale! Next time you're thirsty, think—and drink RED CAP, Carling's Red Cap Ale.



I am thinking... so now I'm drinking Red Cap...

Carling's **RED CAP** Ale



THE BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING'S

You're So Smart to Smoke Parliaments

A close-up photograph of a person wearing a bright red suit jacket over a white shirt. The person is holding a single white-filtered cigarette in their right hand, with a thin line of smoke rising from the tip. In their left hand, they hold a pack of Parliament cigarettes. The pack is gold and white, with the brand name 'Parliament' in a stylized script. A single cigarette is partially visible, showing its white filter and the words 'NOOTHPICE' printed on it. The background is a solid, vibrant red, matching the suit jacket. The overall aesthetic is classic and sophisticated, typical of mid-20th-century cigarette advertising.

Parliament's exclusive
filter mouthpiece and superb blend
of fine tobaccos give you
filtered smoking at its best.

KING SIZE or REGULAR

THE HALLMARK OF QUALITY



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